

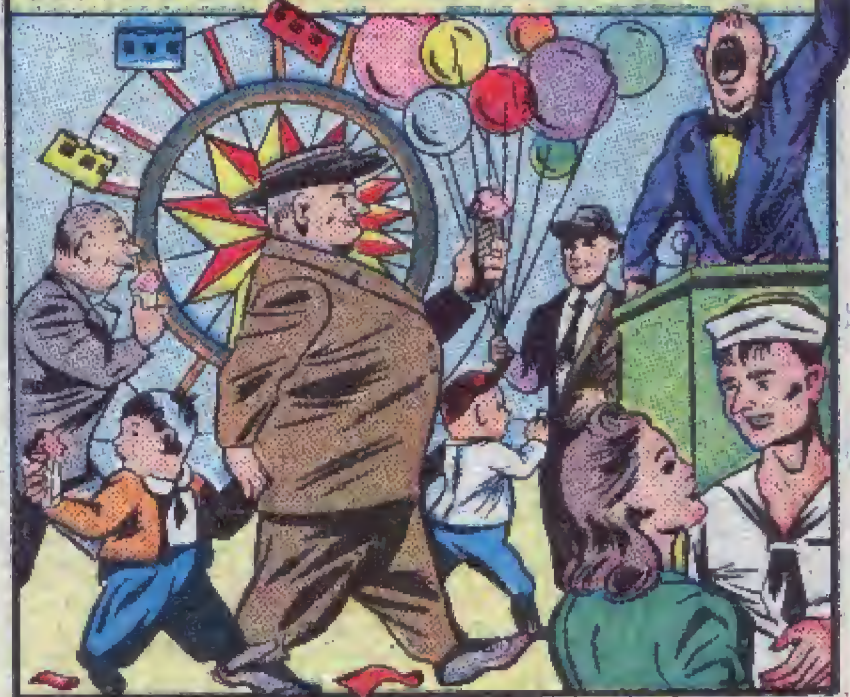
MAGNO and DAVEY



THEY'RE SMALL, CRUEL AND EVIL -- RATS! JAPS OF ALL ANIMAL LIFE!

AND WHEN THE KING-PIN OF ALL HUMAN RATS, THE CLOWN, SIGNS AN UN-HOLY ALLIANCE WITH THE VERMIN OF THE ANIMAL WORLD, A COMBINATION SO DEADLY GOES INTO EXISTENCE, THAT EVEN MAGNO AND DAVEY ARE HELPLESS BEFORE IT!

AT A HONKY-TONK AND CARNIVAL A FEW MILES OUTSIDE OF BIG TOWN, JOY AND LAUGHTER ARE UNRESTRAINED--





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



BUT THERE IS NO LAUGHTER IN THE CASHIER'S WICKET—THERE IS ONLY DEATH!

TICKETS
25¢ ADULTS
15¢ CHILDREN

BEST RIDE-TOWN



IF IT WASN'T FOR ONE IN PARTICULAR, I'D ENJOY WATCHING CLOWNS!

THINKING OF HIM DOES TAKE THE JOY OUT OF LIFE --- TWO, PLEASE!

BEST RIDE-TOWN



I SAID TWO--HOLY! LOOK AT THIS!

DEAD! AND RECENTLY!

TICKETS
25¢ ADULTS
15¢ CHILDREN

BEST RIDE-TOWN



VERY RECENTLY! THERE GOES THE KILLER!

25¢ ADULTS
15¢ CHILDREN

TEARING OFF THEIR OUTER GARMENTS, THE TWO TICKET BUYERS REVEAL THEIR COLORFUL COSTUMES --- AND THE NATION'S GREATEST PROTECTORS OF THE RIGHT, MAGNO AND DAVEY, ARE READY FOR ACTION!



IT'S THE CLOWN!

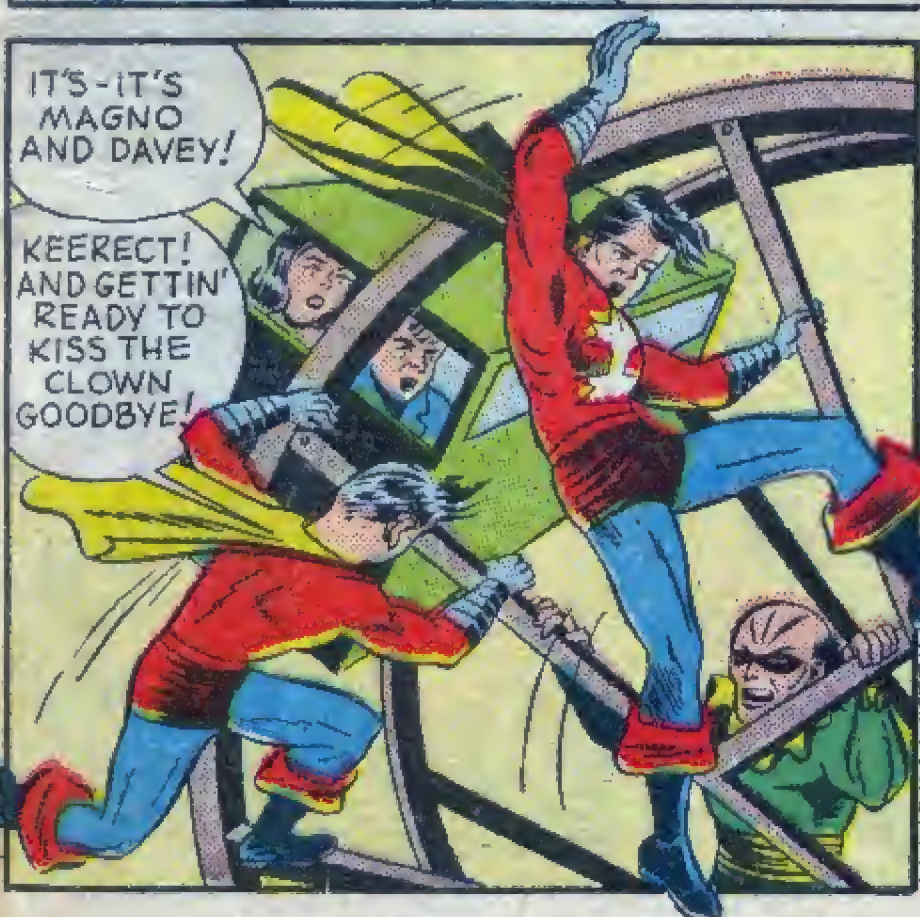
THE CLOWN!

MAGNO! DAVEY! CAN'T I EVER ESCAPE YOU?



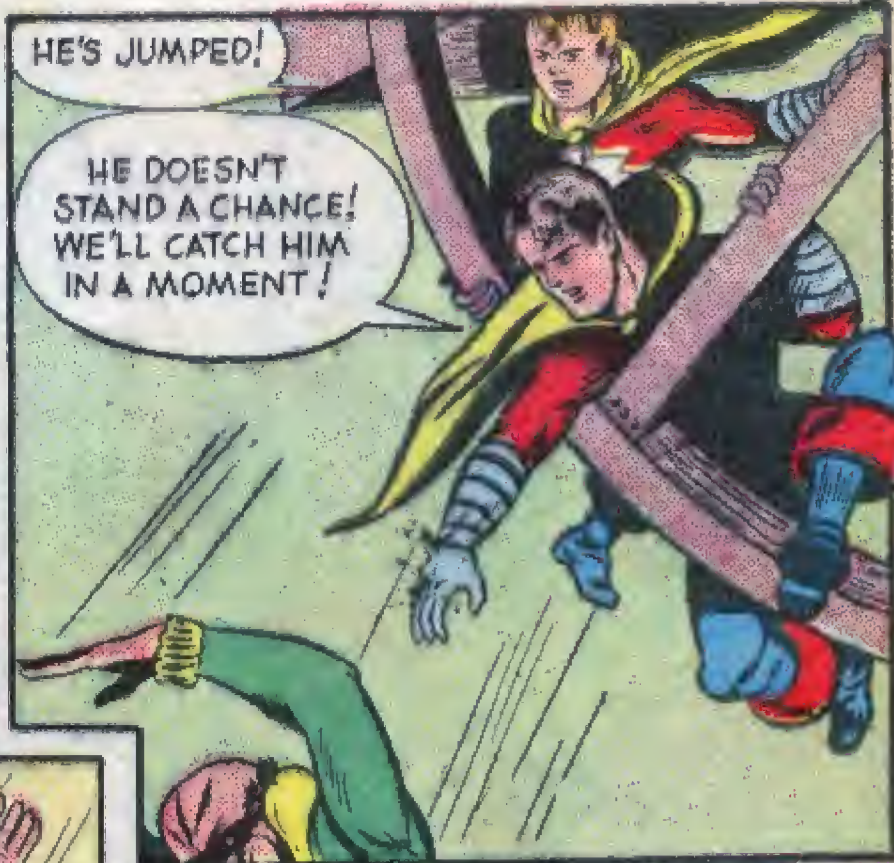
UGH!

SEND HIM THIS WAY--I'VE SOMETHING FOR HIM TOO!





PERFECT CAMOUFLAGE!
IF I CAN GET
TO IT!



HE'S JUMPED!

HE DOESN'T
STAND A CHANCE!
WE'LL CATCH HIM
IN A MOMENT!



MAGIC

BUNDINI
THE GREAT

25¢ ADMISSION



HOLY CROCKEYE!
LOOK! CLOWNS BY
THE CARLOAD!

AND ONE OF
THEM IS THE CLOWN
--WHICH WE MAY
NEVER KNOW!



SO FAR, SO GOOD! MAGNO
AND DAVEY'S POPULARITY
SERVES ONLY TO AID ME!

IT'S MAGNO
AND DAVEY!

WOW!
MAGNO
AND DAVEY!



THE GREATEST ANIMAL
ACT IN HISTORY! SEE RATS
WITH THE BRAINS OF MEN!

HMMM--THAT
SHOULD BE A GOOD
HIDE-OUT FOR
A WHILE!



PEOPLE CALL RATS
PESTS, BUT WITH PROPER
TRAINING THEY COULD BE
DEVELOPED INTO MAN'S BEST
FRIEND. COME, MY PETS, A
HULA FOR THE NICE PEOPLE!

NOWHERE IN THE WORLD IS THERE AN ANIMAL MORE CUNNING, MORE INTELLIGENT! I AM NOT HERE MERELY TO ENTERTAIN, BUT TO TEACH THAT RATS CAN BE PUT TO WORK, AIDING AND ABETTING MANKIND!

GREAT SCIENTIFIC USE COULD BE MADE OF THE COMMON HOUSEHOLD RAT!

HE'S GOT SOMETHING THERE!

A SHORT WHILE LATER...

PROFESSOR M'GAFFER, I HAD TO SEE YOU TO TELL YOU HOW MUCH YOUR ACT INTERESTED ME!

A CLOWN! THANK YOU!

NOT A CLOWN--THE CLOWN! I HAVE COME TO MAKE YOU AN OFFER! USING YOUR RATS, I CAN AMASS THE WORLD'S RICHEST TREASURES! YOU CAN BE WEALTHY BEYOND ALL YOUR DREAMS!

CLICK

NO!

TOO LONG HAVE THOSE BRAVE AND INTELLIGENT RODENTS BEEN ASSOCIATED WITH EVIL! I HAVE MADE THEM UNDERSTAND AND OBEY MAN! I SHALL NOT USE THEM FOR CRIME!

KILL ME IF YOU MUST, PLUNGE A KNIFE WITHIN MY BREAST--- BUT MY PETS SHALL NOT WORK FOR EVIL!

THIS GUY IS A FANATIC--I'LL HAVE TO USE OTHER TACTICS ON HIM.

NEVER IN ALL MY LIFE HAVE I MET A PERSON SUCH AS YOU! I DIDN'T KNOW THAT, PEOPLE WITH SUCH DEVOTION TO MANKIND, STILL LIVED!

YOU MAKE ME ASHAMED
OF THE LIFE I HAVE LIVED AND
THE CRIMES I HAVE COMMITTED!
I, TOO, HAVE BEEN A RAT! A HUMAN
RAT! BUT PERHAPS YOU CAN MAKE
ME USEFUL TO MANKIND ALSO!

MY DEAR CLOWN,
YOU TOUCH ME
GREATLY!

I HAVE AMASSED MUCH
MONEY, A FORTUNE! IT IS ALL
YOURS TO USE IN YOUR WORK.
YOU CAN BUILD AN INSTITUTE
AND TAKE YOUR GREAT
WORK INTO THE HALLS
OF SCIENCE!

I WILL BE YOUR SPONSOR. I
WILL REMAIN IN THE BACK-
GROUND. THEN SOMEDAY, WHEN
YOUR FAME HAS SPREAD ALL
OVER THE WORLD, YOU CAN
REVEAL THAT I AIDED YOU.
PERHAPS THEN THE POLICE
WILL FORGIVE MY EVIL PAST!

I-I DON'T KNOW QUITE
WHAT TO SAY---

THEN SAY NOTHING!
LET'S GO TO MY VAULTS
AND WITHDRAW PART OF
MY FORTUNE--WE NEED
MONEY, SO THE M'GAFFER
RODENT INSTITUTE CAN
IMMEDIATELY COME
TO LIFE!

JUST ONE LITTLE THING--
THE POLICE MAY BE WATCH-
ING MY VAULTS--PERHAPS IF
YOU TOOK SOME OF YOUR
PETS, THEY COULD BRING OUT
MY POSSESSIONS UNNOTICED.

I BELIEVE
THEY MIGHT!

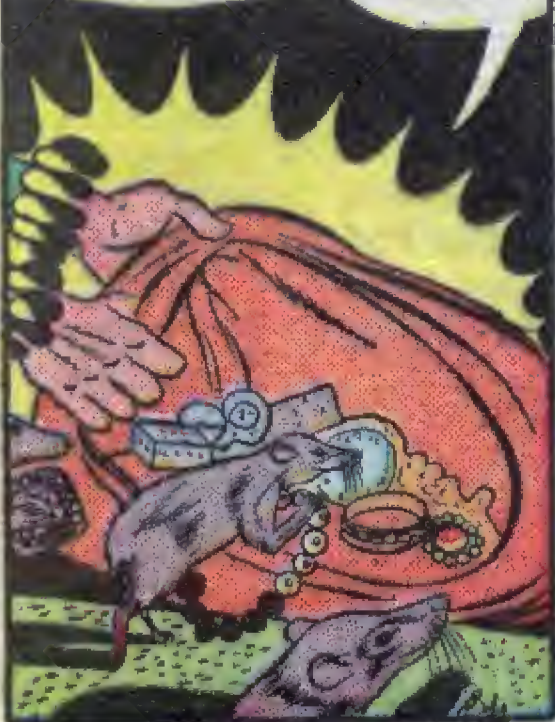
MUCH OF MY COLLECTION OF JEWELS IS
IN THE VAULTS OF THIS BUILDING!

FINE! I'LL SEND MY
PETS TO FETCH THEM!

CLACK, BARR,
LOTT & FORHAM
JEWELERS

CRUNCH!

A GOOD HAUL... I, ER, MEAN
MY JEWELS ARE QUITE VAL-
UABLE!

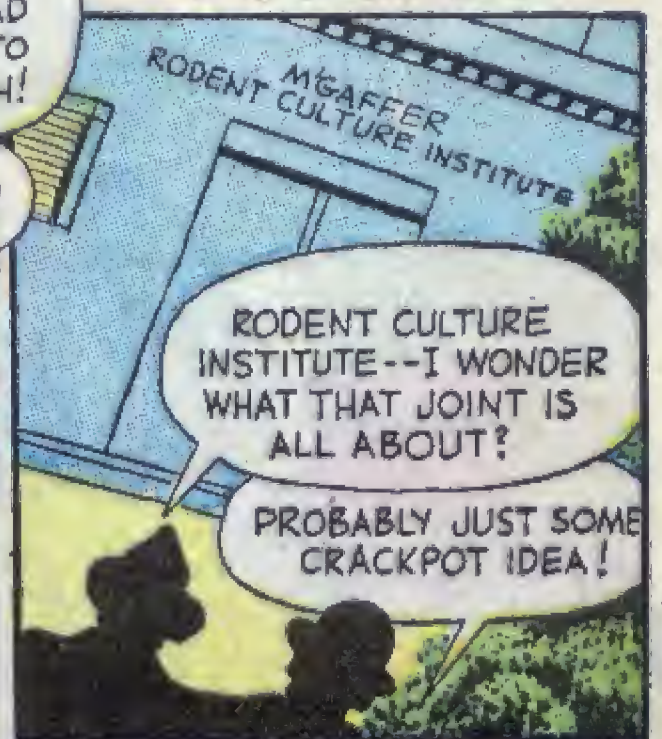


HERE, MY FRIEND! WITH THESE
YOU CAN BUILD A SCIENTIFIC
INSTITUTE THAT SHALL SPREAD
THE FAME OF YOUR WORK INTO
EVERY CORNER OF THE EARTH!



ALL BECAUSE
OF YOU, MY FRIEND!

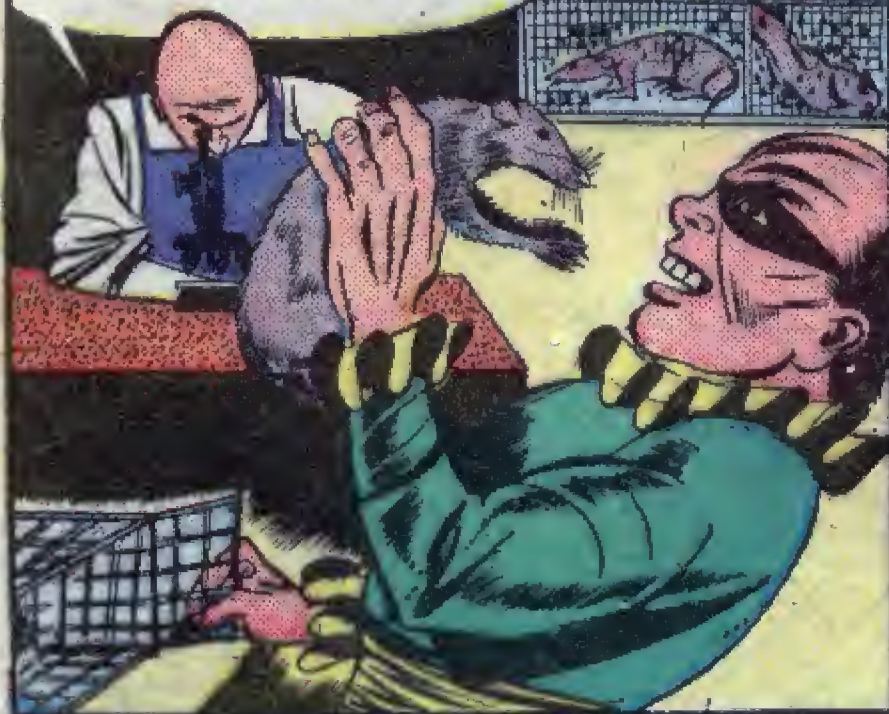
SOME MONTHS LATER, A HUGE
BUILDING IS ADDED TO THE SKY-
LINE OF BIGTOWN



RODENT CULTURE
INSTITUTE--I WONDER
WHAT THAT JOINT IS
ALL ABOUT?

PROBABLY JUST SOME
CRACKPOT IDEA!

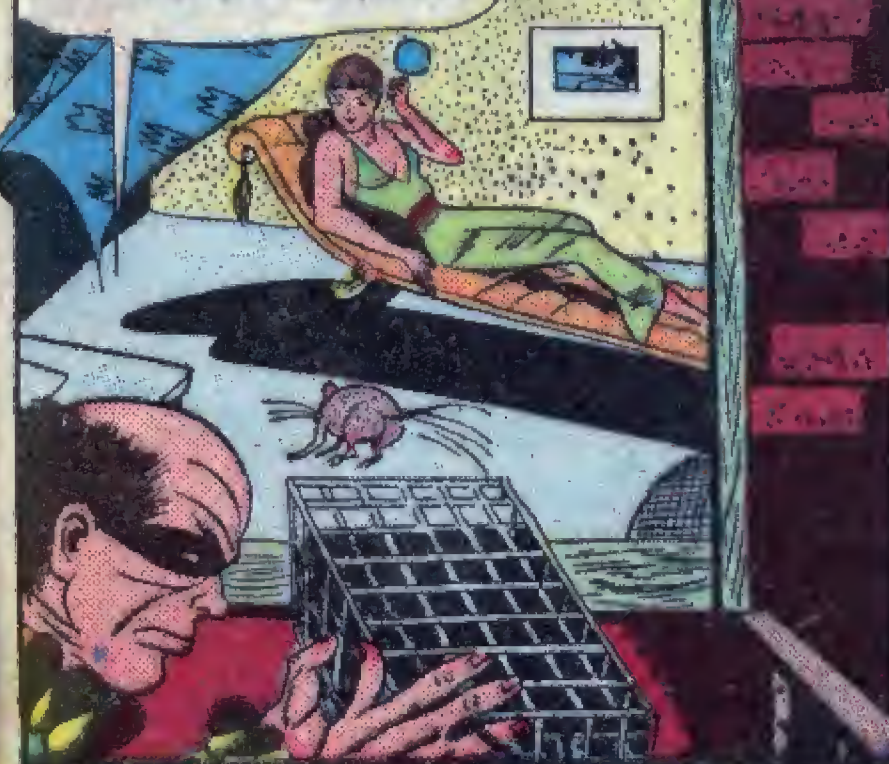
'WE HAVE ALREADY MADE GREAT
PROGRESS-- BUT WE SHALL
GO ON FROM HERE!'



WE SHALL GO ON, BUT NOT IN THE DIRECTION
M'GAFFER THINKS! I HAVE LEARNED MUCH,
AND NOW WILL PUT IT INTO
PRACTICE!



'INSIDE, MY PETS!
A FORTUNE AWAITS US!'



LATER

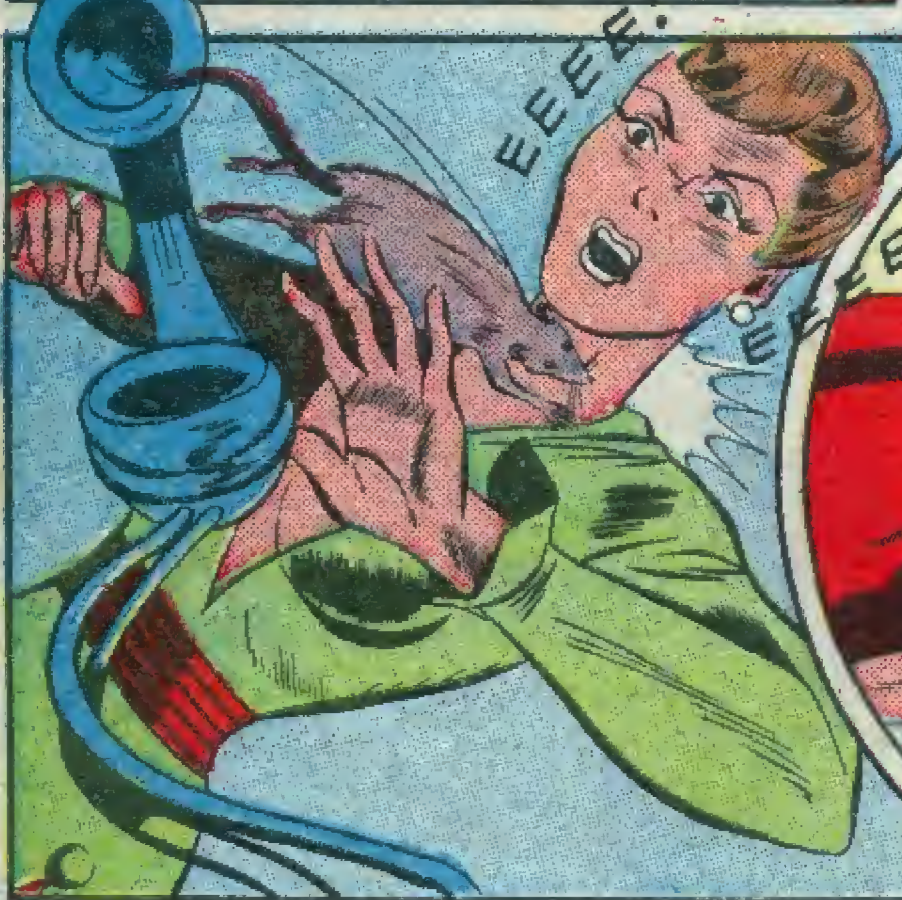
MY JEWELS! RATS! EEEEEEE!!



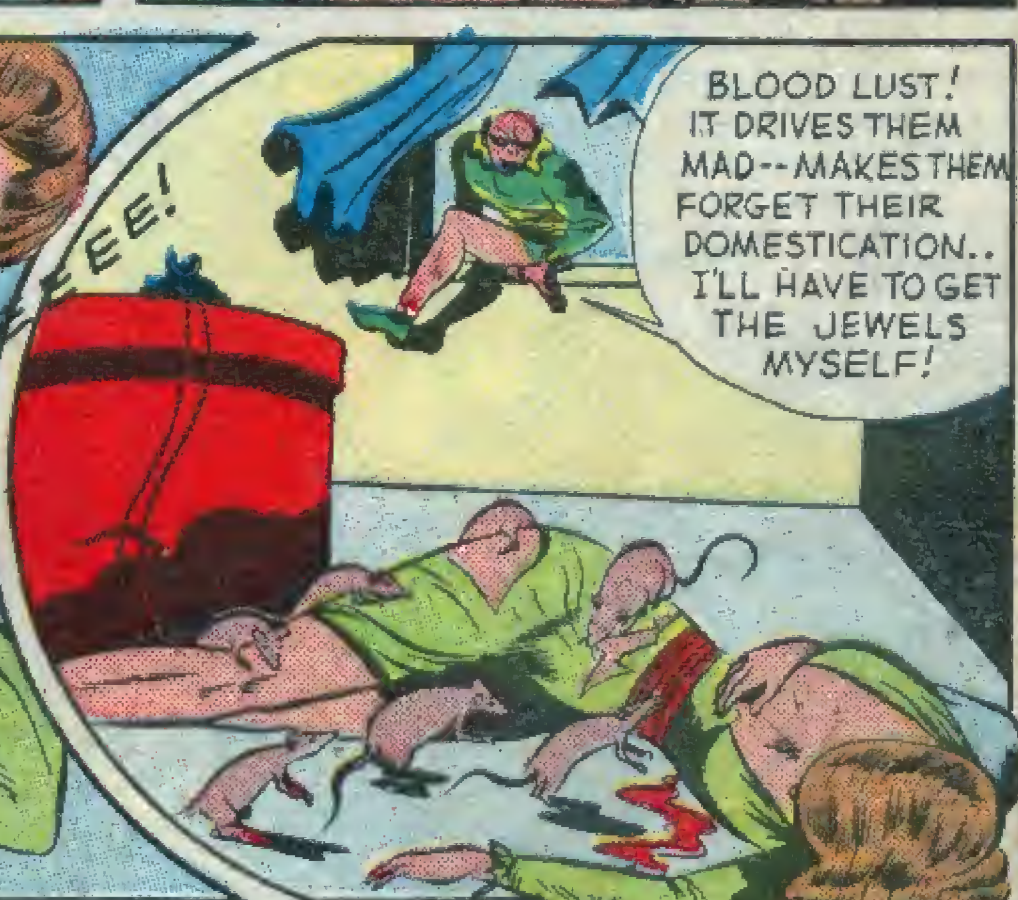
POLICE! POLICE! HELP! HELP!
I THINK I'M GOING MAD!



GO, MY PET-- YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU MUST DO!

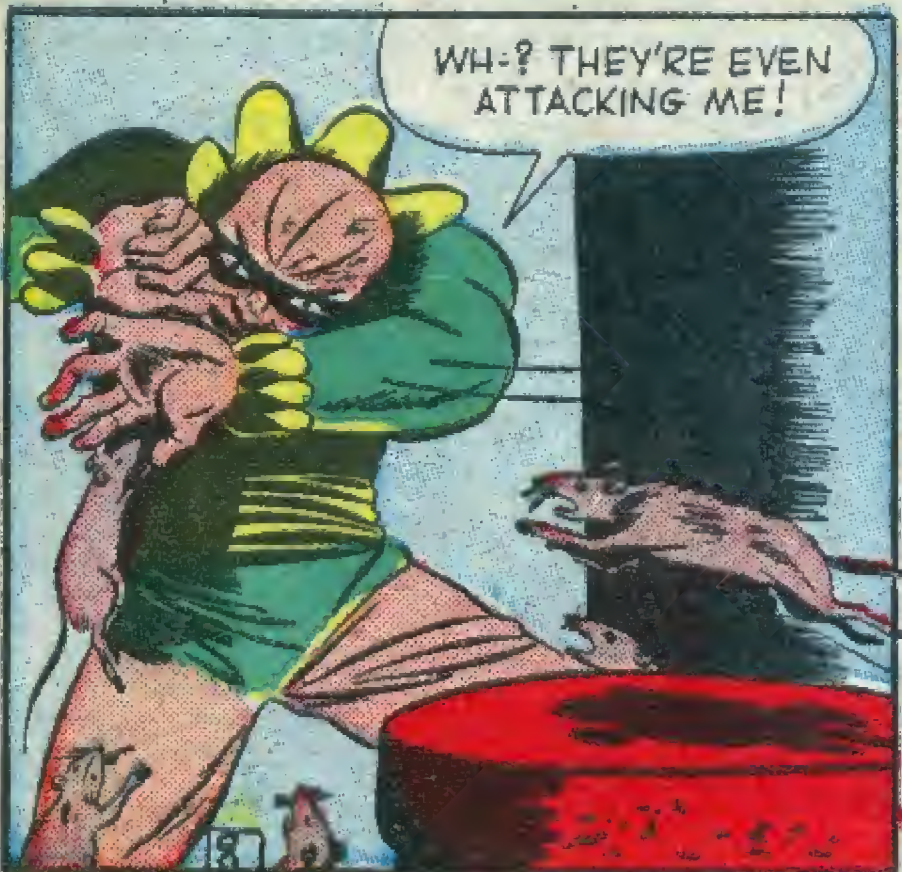


EEEE!



BLOOD LUST!
IT DRIVES THEM
MAD-- MAKE THEM
FORGET THEIR
DOMESTICATION..
I'LL HAVE TO GET
THE JEWELS
MYSELF!

WH-? THEY'RE EVEN
ATTACKING ME!



UGH! BACK,
YOU FILTHY
BEASTS!



MEANWHILE, MAGNO AND DAVEY AND THE POLICE RACE TO HEED THE CALL FOR HELP!



MOTHER OF MERCY! WHAT HORROR IS THIS?

RATS! KILLER RATS!



WHAT COULD HAVE CAUSED THIS? WHAT MANNER OF EVIL?



MAGNO! THAT M'GAFFER RODENT INSTITUTE THAT JUST OPENED--THEY SHOULD KNOW ALL ABOUT RATS!

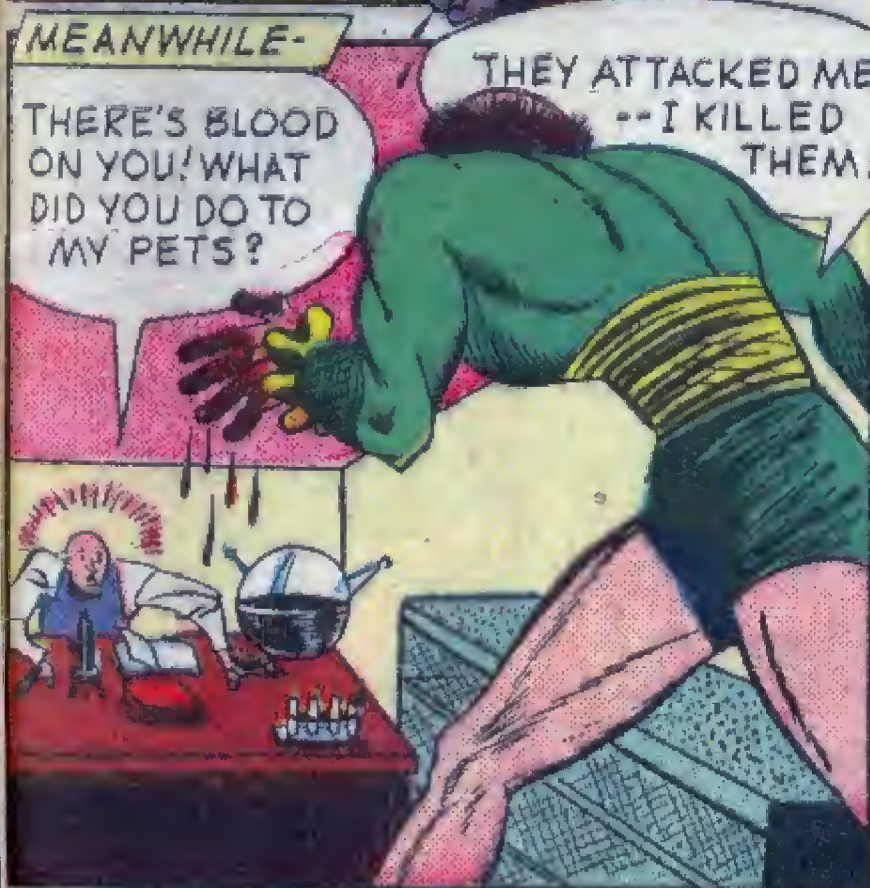
GOOD IDEA! LET'S GET THERE!



MEANWHILE-

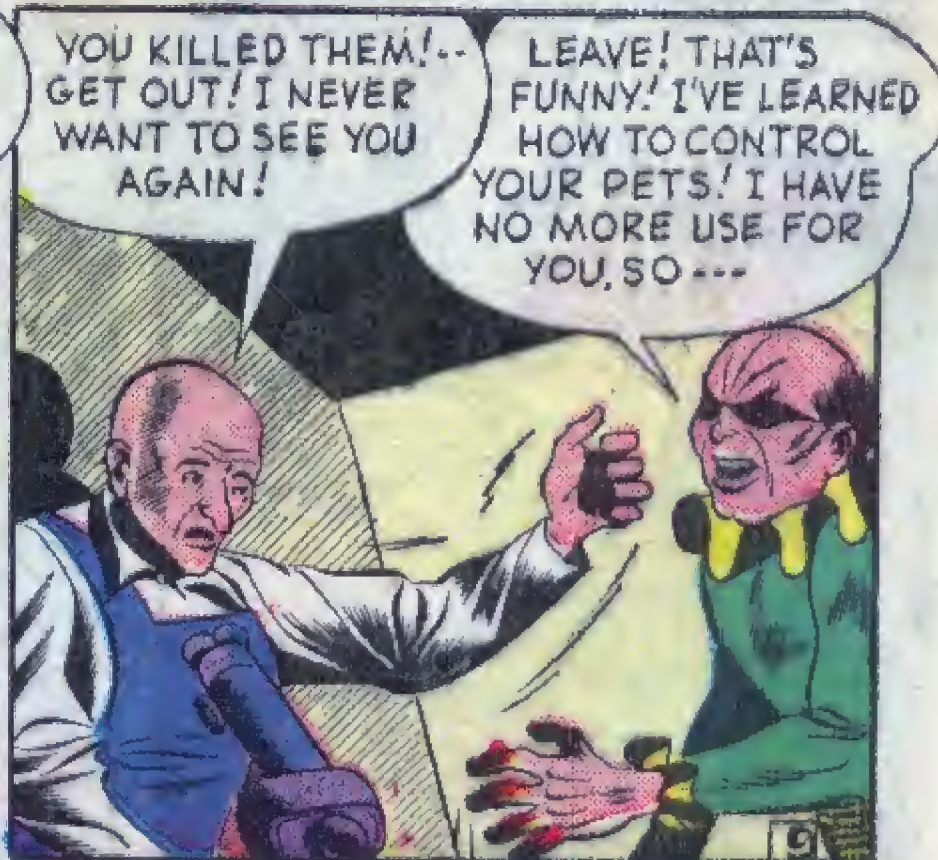
THERE'S BLOOD ON YOU! WHAT DID YOU DO TO MY PETS?

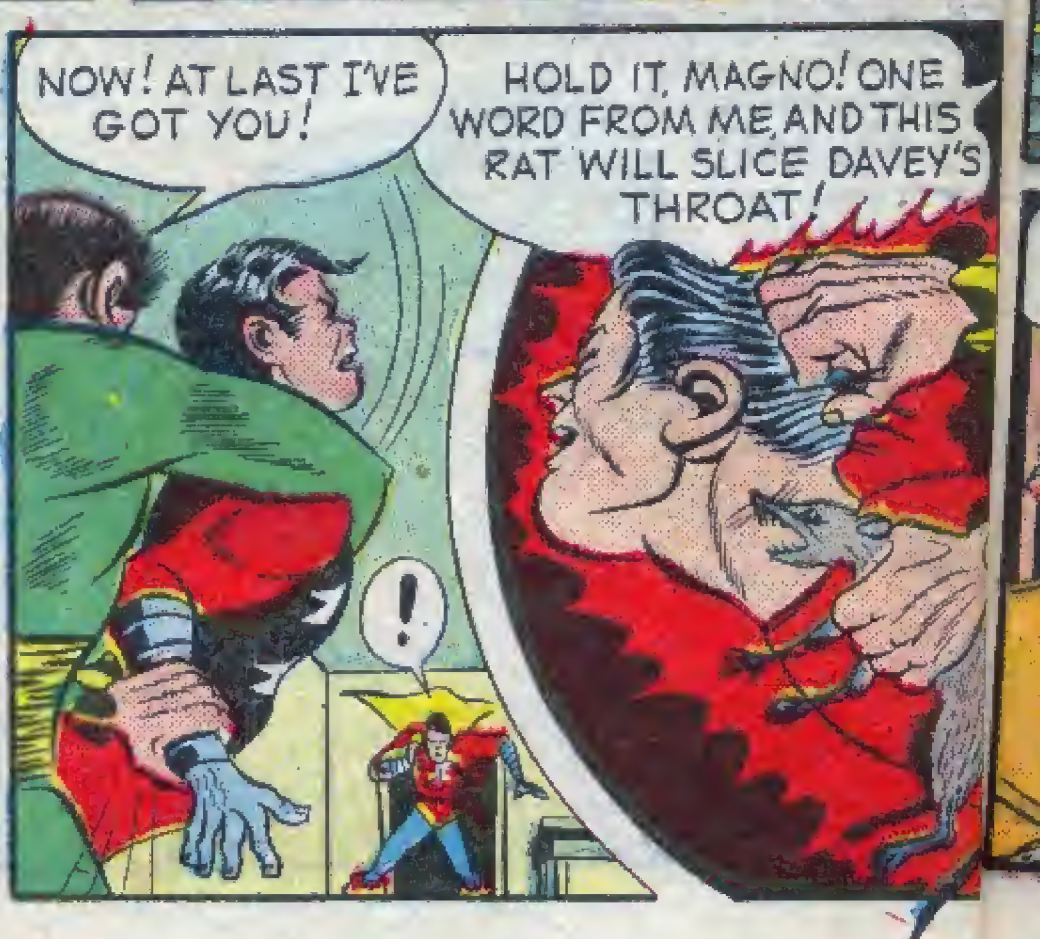
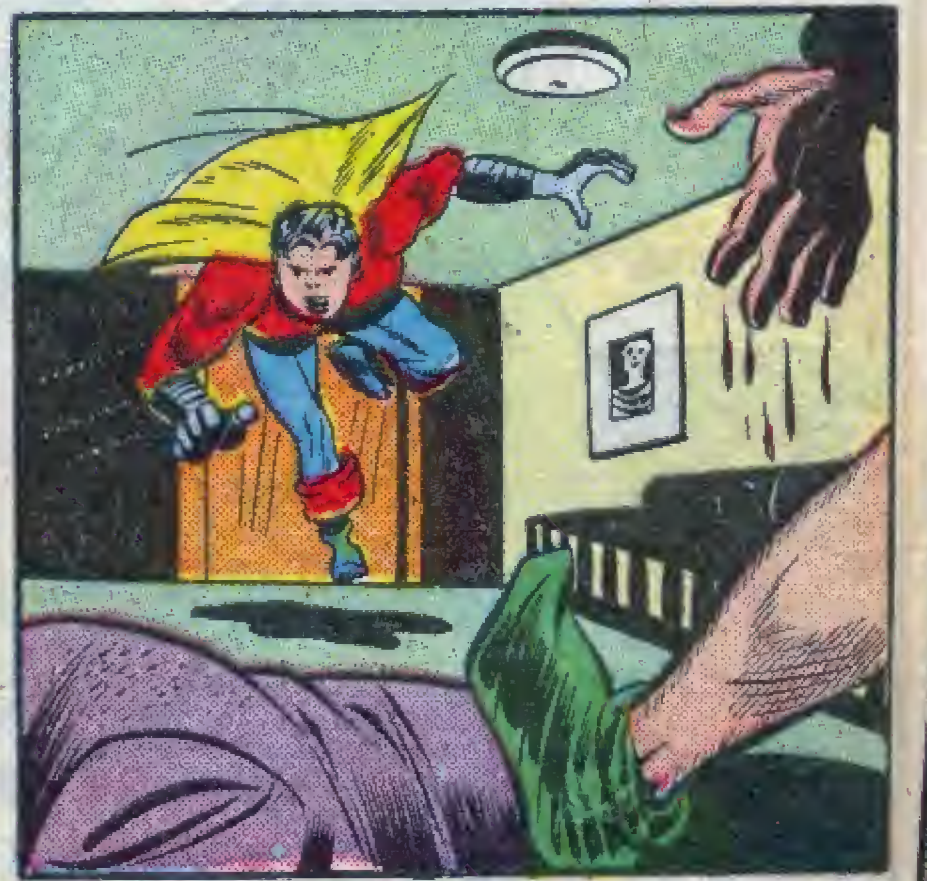
THEY ATTACKED ME --I KILLED THEM!



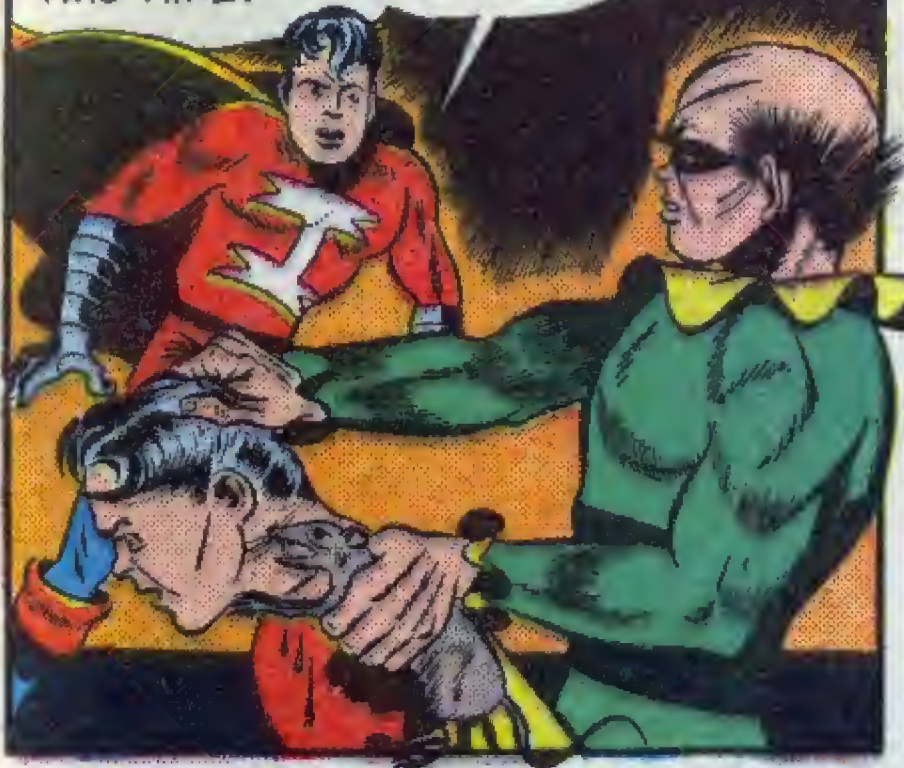
YOU KILLED THEM!.. GET OUT! I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

LEAVE! THAT'S FUNNY! I'VE LEARNED HOW TO CONTROL YOUR PETS! I HAVE NO MORE USE FOR YOU, SO ---





YOU'VE GOT THE UPPER HAND THIS TIME.



I COULD KILL YOU NOW IN A SIMPLE MANNER, BUT YOU HAVE SEEN THE PLEASANT WAY IN WHICH MY PETS MUTILATE HUMANS-- I PREFER TO ALLOW YOU TO LIVE LONG ENOUGH FOR THEM TO KILL YOU!



AND NOW, FAREWELL! START GNAWING, MY PETS-- SOON YOU SHALL TASTE FLESH!

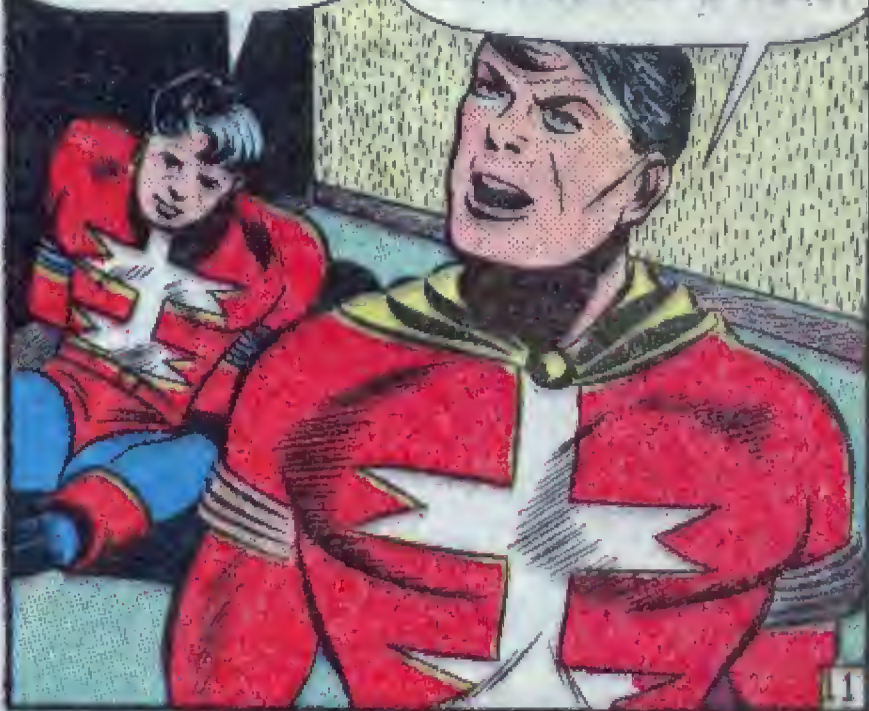


THIS IS MY MOMENT OF TRIUMPH! YOU ARE WIRED SO THAT ALL YOUR MAGNETISM IS USELESS, AND BOUND SO THAT YOU CANNOT MOVE EVEN A FRACTION OF AN INCH!



LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOT US THIS TIME!

NOT YET! STRAIN! MAYBE THERE'S A BOND OR WIRE THAT IS WEAK!



THE RATS SHOULD BE THROUGH ANY MINUTE NOW! IF ONLY M'GAFFER WOULD COME TO-- HE COULD CONTROL THEM!

YES, BUT THE WAY HE'S OUT, IT WILL TAKE MORE THAN NORMAL PROCESSES TO BRING HIM TO!

BUT A SHOCK MIGHT DO IT!

HERE THEY COME! LET'S GIVE IT EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT!



YOU'VE GOT IT STARTED!

LOOK! THE WIRE CROSSED M'GAFFER!

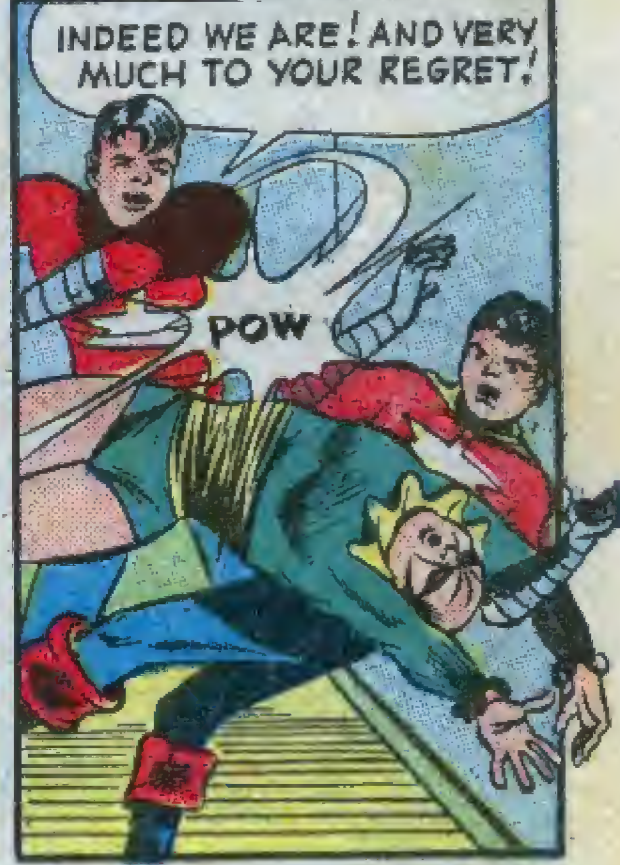
GIVE IT EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT!



PUTTING ALL HIS ELECTRICAL ENERGY INTO PLAY, MAGNO SHOCKS M'GAFFER BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS!

WH- WHAT-- WHAT GOES ON? MY PETS! MAGNO AND DAVEY!





MAGNO AND DAVEY WILL BE BACK, AND IN ACTION IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR FAVORITE MAGAZINE, "SUPER-MYSTERY!"

MR. Risk

UNCANNY LAUGHTER ROCKED THROUGHOUT THE FACTORY AS A PRACTICAL JOKER RAN AMOK WITH A GRIM SENSE OF HUMOR. HIS IDEA WAS TO PROMOTE HILARITY AND AT THE SAME TIME DECREASE PRODUCTION. THIS CONTINUED DIABOLICALLY UNTIL MR. RISK AND ABDUL HOPPED INTO WORKMAN'S CLOTHES TO STOP THE "DANGER THAT LAUGHED!"



MR. RISK RECEIVES A FRANTIC PHONE CALL..

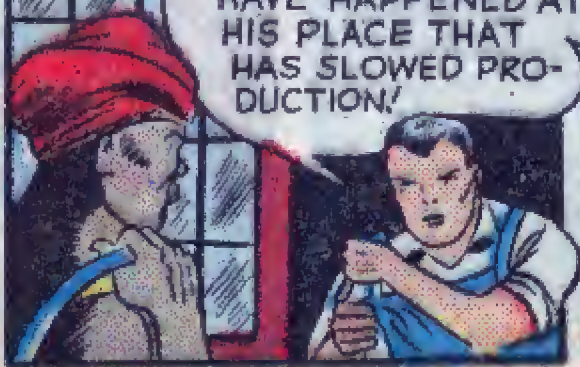
WHO WAS IT, MASTER?

HOP INTO THOSE WORKCLOTHES, ABDUL, AND I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT!



PARDON MY QUESTIONS, SAHIB, BUT WHY THE CLOTHES OF A WORKER?

MR. MARTIN OF THE MARTIN MACHINE WORKS CALLED. MANY THINGS HAVE HAPPENED AT HIS PLACE THAT HAS SLOWED PRODUCTION!



ODD ACCIDENTS, STRANGE DOINGS AND WHATNOT. MARTIN TIN WANTS US TO INVESTIGATE BEFORE HE CALLS THE FEDERAL AUTHORITIES. WE'RE GOING THERE AT ONCE!



A SHORT WHILE LATER..

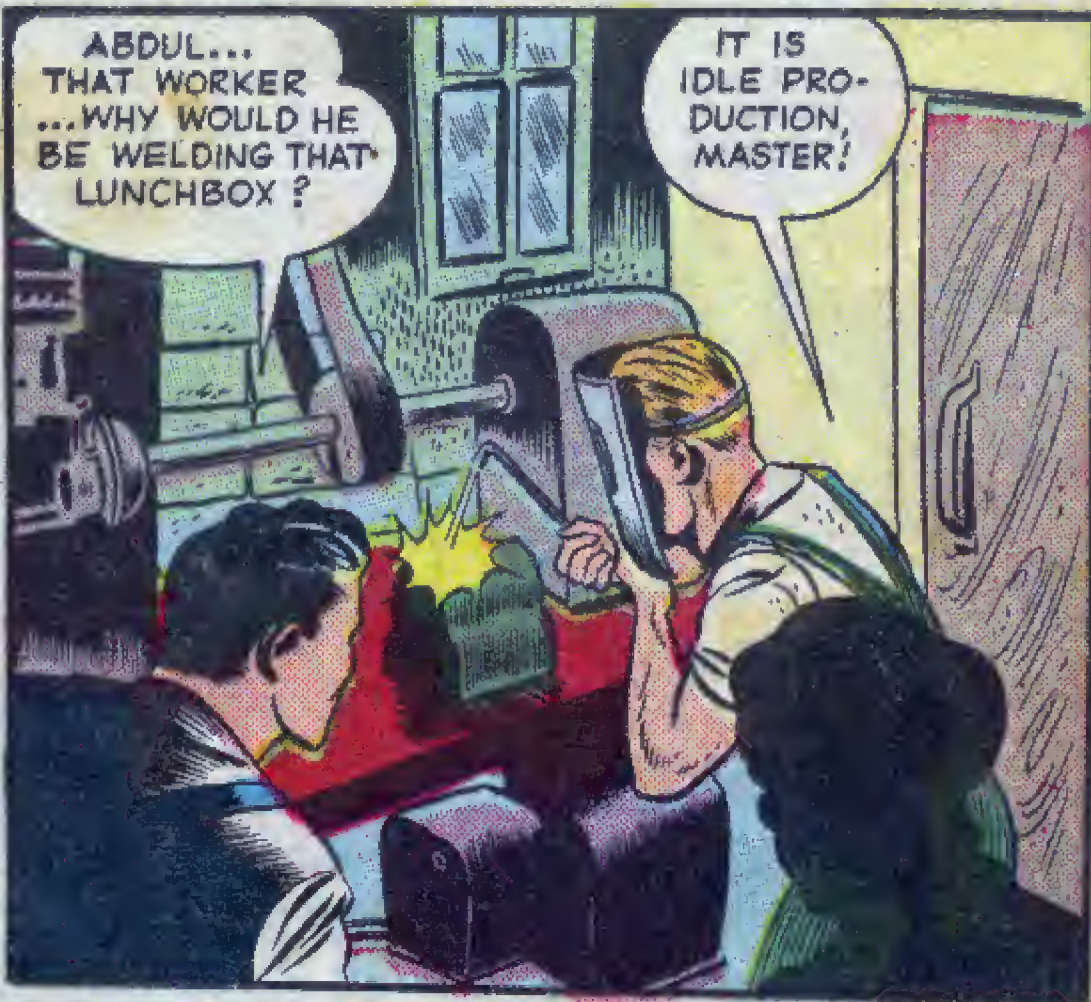
ALL APPEARS
PEACEFUL HERE,
MASTER!

ON
THE SUR-
FACE, YES!
WHO KNOWS
WHAT EVIL LURKS
UNDER COVER!
WE'LL SEE MR.
MARTIN!



ABDUL...
THAT WORKER
...WHY WOULD HE
BE WELDING THAT
LUNCHBOX?

IT IS
IDLE PRO-
DUCTION,
MASTER!



OH, WELL,
PERHAPS THERE'S
A PURPOSE IN WHAT
HE DOES!

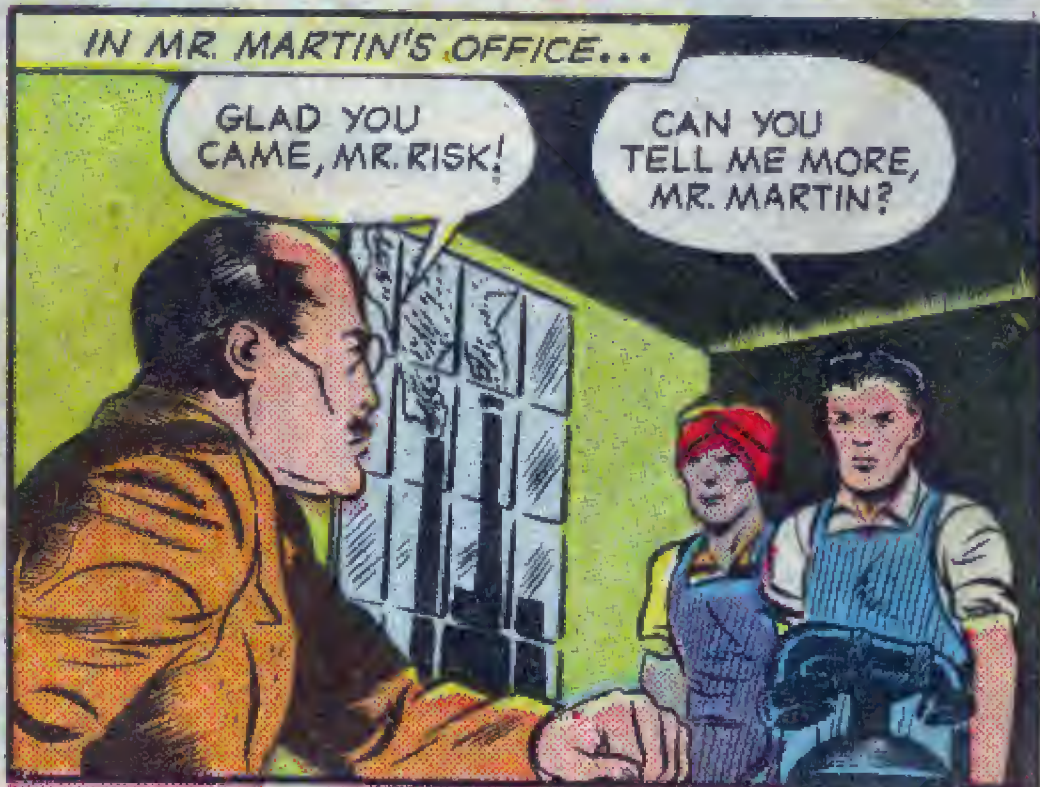
VERY
WELL!



IN MR. MARTIN'S OFFICE...

GLAD YOU
CAME, MR. RISK!

CAN YOU
TELL ME MORE,
MR. MARTIN?

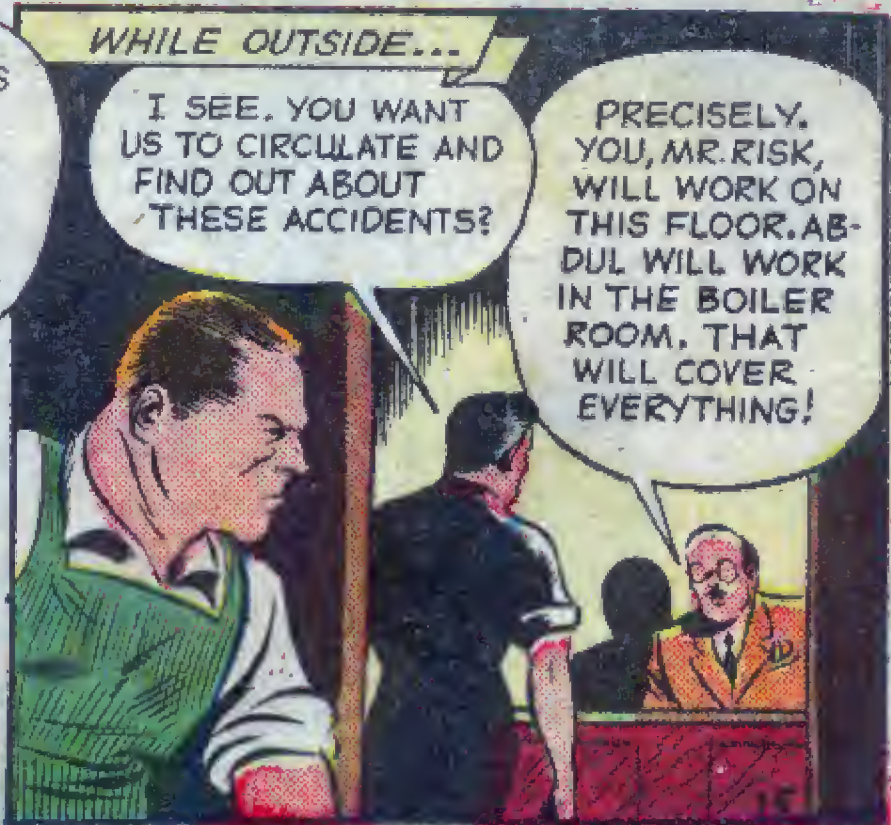
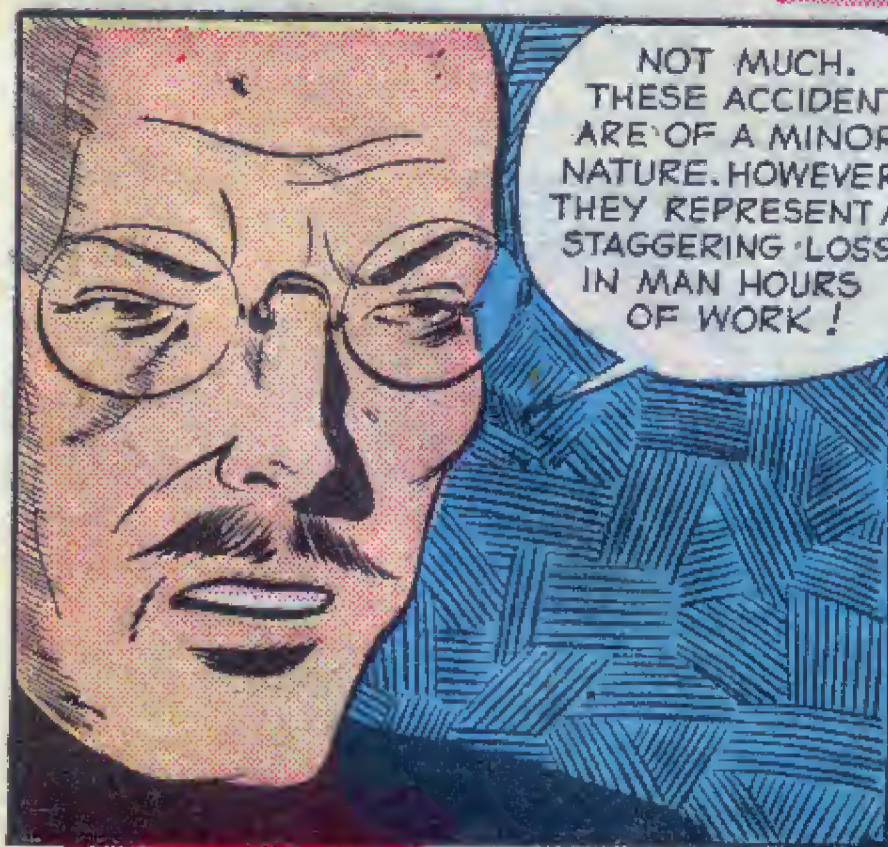


NOT MUCH.
THESE ACCIDENTS
ARE OF A MINOR
NATURE. HOWEVER,
THEY REPRESENT A
STAGGERING LOSS
IN MAN HOURS
OF WORK!

WHILE OUTSIDE...

I SEE. YOU WANT
US TO CIRCULATE AND
FIND OUT ABOUT
THESE ACCIDENTS?

PRECISELY.
YOU, MR. RISK,
WILL WORK ON
THIS FLOOR. AB-
DUL WILL WORK
IN THE BOILER
ROOM. THAT
WILL COVER
EVERYTHING!





THERE GOES THE LUNCH WHISTLE, ABDUL. WE MIGHT AS WELL GO TO OUR RESPECTIVE DEPARTMENTS AND SEE WHAT COOKS.

YES, MASTER!



THEN, A ROAR OF LAUGHTER SOUNDS AS...

HOLY CATS! WHO WELDED MY LUNCHBOX? HOW D'YA EXPECT ME TO WORK IF I CAN'T EAT?

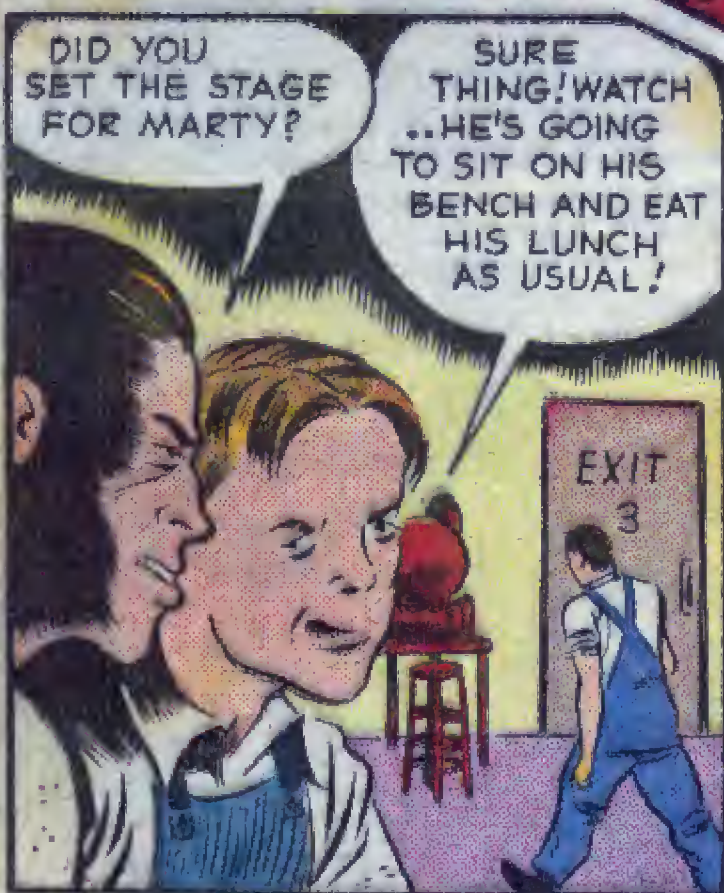
SO THAT WAS THE REASON FOR WELDING THE LUNCHBOX! A PRACTICAL JOKESTER IS LOOSE!

HAW HA!



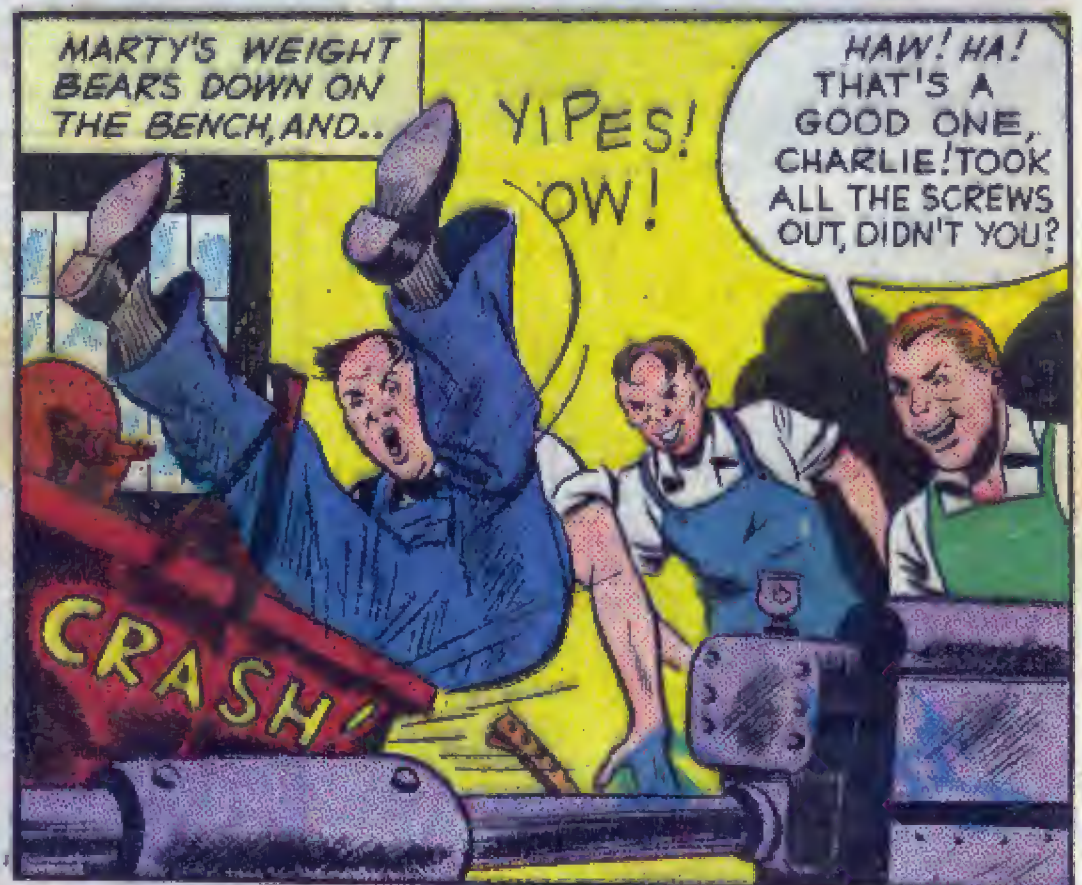
THAT WAS A NEAT TRICK YOU PULLED, FENTON... DID YOU SEE BEN'S FACE?

HAW! WHATTA LOOK ON HIS PUSS!



DID YOU SET THE STAGE FOR MARTY?

SURE THING! WATCH... HE'S GOING TO SIT ON HIS BENCH AND EAT HIS LUNCH AS USUAL!



MARTY'S WEIGHT BEARS DOWN ON THE BENCH, AND...

YIPES! OW!

HAW! HA! THAT'S A GOOD ONE, CHARLIE! TOOK ALL THE SCREWS OUT, DIDN'T YOU?



GET HURT, PARTNER?

ONLY MY BACK... GUESS I'LL HAVE TO KNOCK OFF FOR THE DAY!... THANKS!



WHAT NOW, FENTON?

WATCH...

HEY, YOU GUYS...



YOUR HORSEPLAY HAS CAUSED MARTY TO BE SENT HOME FOR THE DAY AND...

AW IT WAS ONLY A JOKE...

REALLY? WHY, I'LL RUN RIGHT OUT AND APOLOGIZE... HERE...



...HOLD
MY WRENCH
...HAW!
HA!

YEOW!
HOT!

HERE'S SOME-
THING THAT'S MUCH
FUNNIER, MUG!

NOW GET SOME
SENSE INTO YOUR
HEAD! DO SOME
WORK! DON'T
WASTE TIME
TRYING TO BE
FUNNY!

I'LL
GET HIM
FOR
THIS!



OWRR!

I'LL SEE
HOW ABDUL
IS DOING!

THAT WAS SOME
CLOUT, FENTON! MAY-
BE WE'D BETTER
QUIT THE HORSE-
PLAY!

AW, NUTS!



JUST ONE MORE GAG,
CHARLEY! IT'S A PIP! ED
AND JACK HAVE DATES
TONIGHT IN THE
BOILER ROOM!

YEAH
...GO
ON!



WELL, IF YOU
BOYS PLUG THE
MAIN WATER
VALVE DOWN IN
THE BOILER ROOM,
THEY'LL HAVE TO
WORK ALL NIGHT
TO FEED THE
BOILERS!

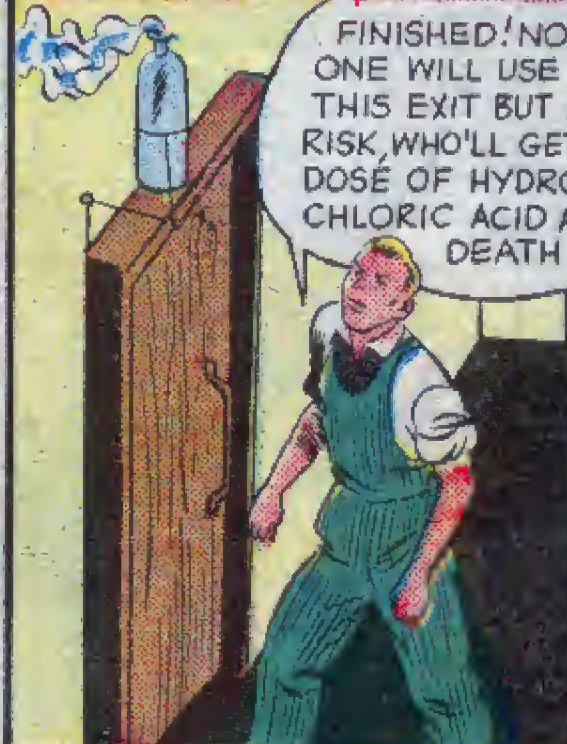
HA! THEN
MOE AND I
CAN TAKE OVER
THEIR DATES!
GOOD!



THEY FELL FOR IT. GOOD!
NOW I'LL SET-UP MY MASTER-
PIECE FOR MR. RISK! HA!

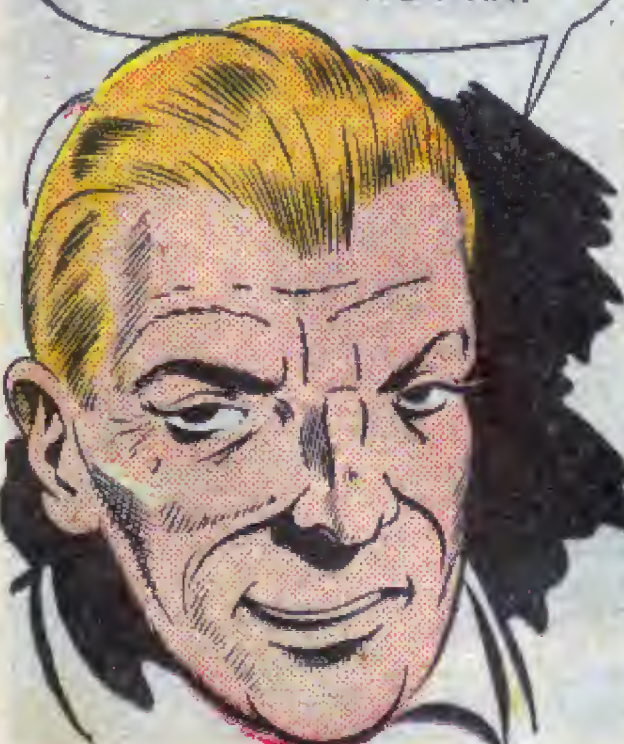
FENTON DEVISES A GRISLY
JOKE OUTSIDE THE EXIT DOOR..

FINISHED! NO
ONE WILL USE
THIS EXIT BUT MR.
RISK, WHO'LL GET A
DOSE OF HYDRO-
CHLORIC ACID AND
DEATH!



FENTON PULLS OUT HIS
HANDKERCHIEF.. A SMALL
SLIP OF PAPER DROPS OUT

WHEW! NO ONE SAW
ME...GOOD! WONDER IF
CHARLEY AND MOE FIN-
ISHED
THEIR
TASK?



WHILE DOWN IN THE BOILER ROOM..

ANYTHING
WRONG DOWN
HERE, ABDUL?

NO, MASTER
.. ONLY COAL
GETS MIGHTY
HEAVY AFTER
SEVERAL HUN-
DRED SHOVEL-
FULS!

OKAY, ABDUL!
KEEP YOUR EYES
OPEN! HM! WHAT
WERE CHARLEY
AND MOE DOING
DOWN HERE?

VERY
WELL,
MASTER!

FINISH?

YEAH!
IT'LL TAKE
A GIANT TO
TO OPEN THE
WATER VALVE
NOW!

WAIT'LL
ED AND
JACK FIND
OUT.. HA-
HA!

HERE HE IS
NOW! FAST
SERVICE...

SAY,
CHARLEY..
WHAT WERE
YOU AND MOE
DOING IN THE
BOILER ROOM?

THE FOREMAN WANTED
A LEAKIN' PIPE SOLDERED!
INCIDENTALLY..MR.MARTIN
IS WAITING FOR YOU
OUTSIDE EXIT FOUR!

LEAK, EH?
ALL RIGHT,
I'LL SEE WHAT
MR.MARTIN
WANTS

OH, BY THE
WAY..IF YOU SEE
MR. RISK, TELL HIM
MR. MARTIN WANTS
TO SEE HIM OUT-
SIDE
EXIT
FOUR!

THAT
FELLA THAT
CONKED YOU?
OKAY..I'LL
TELL
HIM!

WONDER WHY MR.
MARTIN DOESN'T WANT
TO SEE ME IN HIS OFFICE?
THIS IS AN ODD RENDEZVOUS!

AS MR. RISK
TURNS THE
DOORKNOB..

HELLO,...WHAT'S
THIS ON THE FLOOR?



HOLY COWBELLS!
IT'S FENTON'S WORK
SHEET AND ON THE
BACK OF IT IS A DIA-
GRAM OF THE
WHOLE BOILER
SYSTEM...



IF ANYTHING
SHOULD HAPPEN TO
THOSE BOILERS,
THIS WHOLE PLACE
WILL BE BLOWN
UP TO
NOTHING!

HEY!
WHAT'S
UP?



AT THAT MOMENT BELOW,
ABDUL RECEIVES THE
SCARE OF HIS LIFE!

BY THE SACRED
IDOLS! WATER PRES-
SURE DOWN TO
DANGER POINT!



WATER VALVE
STUCK TIGHT--UGH!

ABDUL!
SOMETHING'S
WRONG.. I
KNEW IT!



OF COURSE! SOMEONE'S
SOLDERED THE SLEEVES
TOGETHER! KEEP AT IT,
ABDUL, OR THOSE
BOILERS WILL
BLOW UP
FROM LACK
OF WATER!



I TRY,
MASTER!



UH-H

I'LL SEE IF ED
AND JACK CAN GET
THOSE AUXILIARY
PUMPS STARTED...
SAY.. THAT NOISE...

CLANK!
BLAM!



MR. RISK CATCHES
FENTON TRYING TO
SMASH THE AUXILI-
ARY PUMPS..

YOU?

YES,
ME!

CLANG!



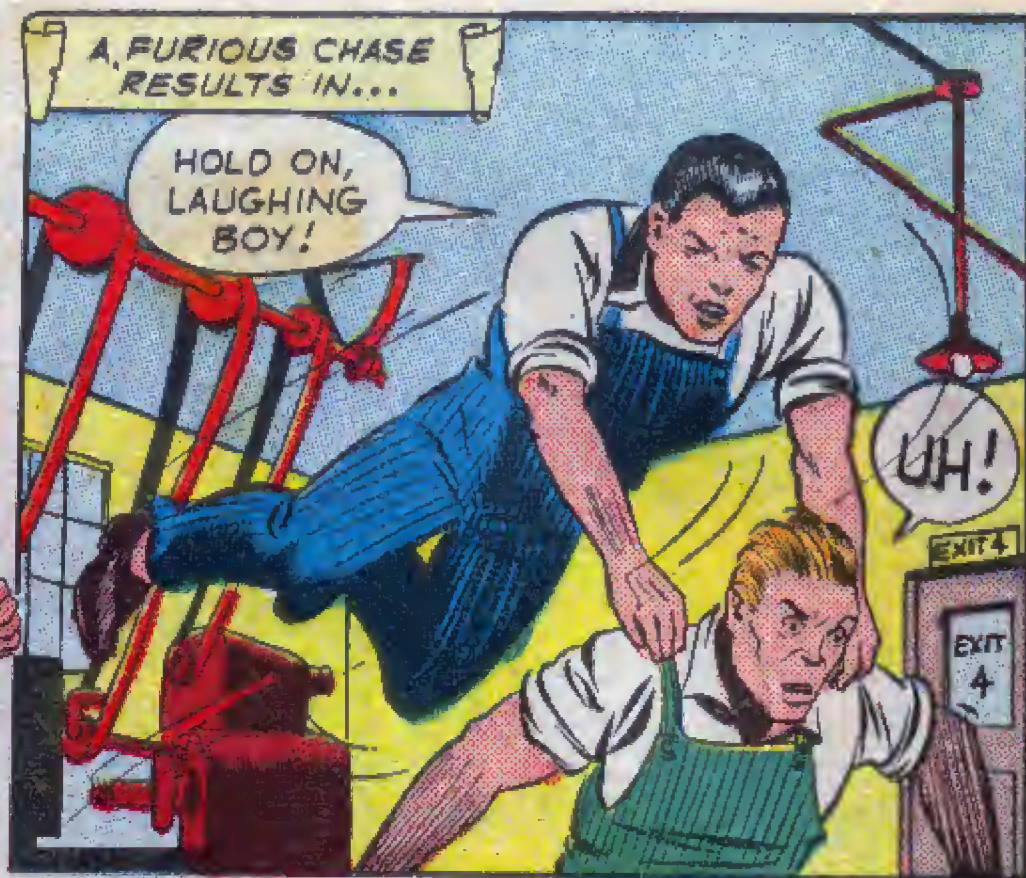
TOO LATE
NOW, MR.
RISK! OUT OF
MY WAY!

PHAW!
UH!



YOU WON'T LAUGH WHEN I GET HOLD OF YOU, FENTON!

SO LONG, SUCKERS! WHEN THIS HUGE JOKE EXPLODES, I'LL BE THE ONLY ONE LEFT TO LAUGH!



A FURIOUS CHASE RESULTS IN...

HOLD ON, LAUGHING BOY!

UH!

EXIT 4



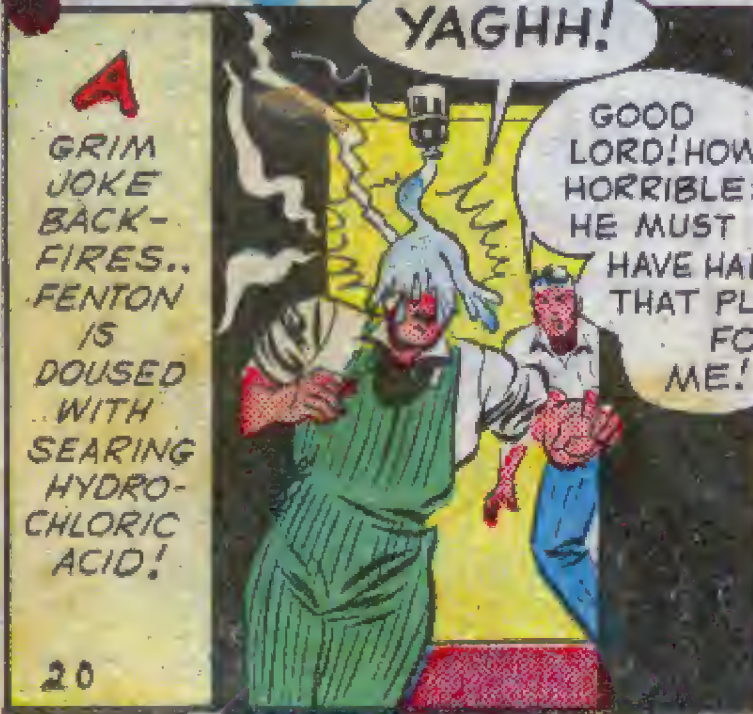
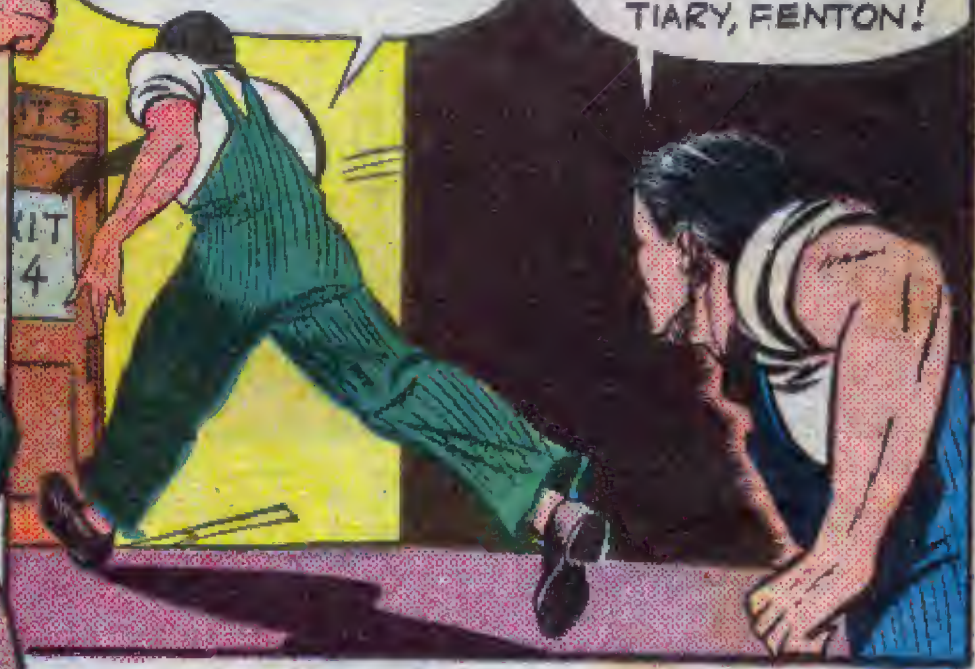
OW!

THIS TICKLES ME SILLY!

RECOVERING FROM MR. RISK'S BLOW, FENTON DASHES FOR EXIT FOUR....

GOOD GRIEF..THOSE BOILERS ARE DUE TO BLOW..ME FOR SAFETY!

THE ONLY SAFETY YOU'LL FIND IS IN A FEDERAL PENITENTIARY, FENTON!



A GRIM JOKE BACK-FIRES.. FENTON IS DOUSED WITH SEARING HYDRO-CHLORIC ACID!

YAGHH!

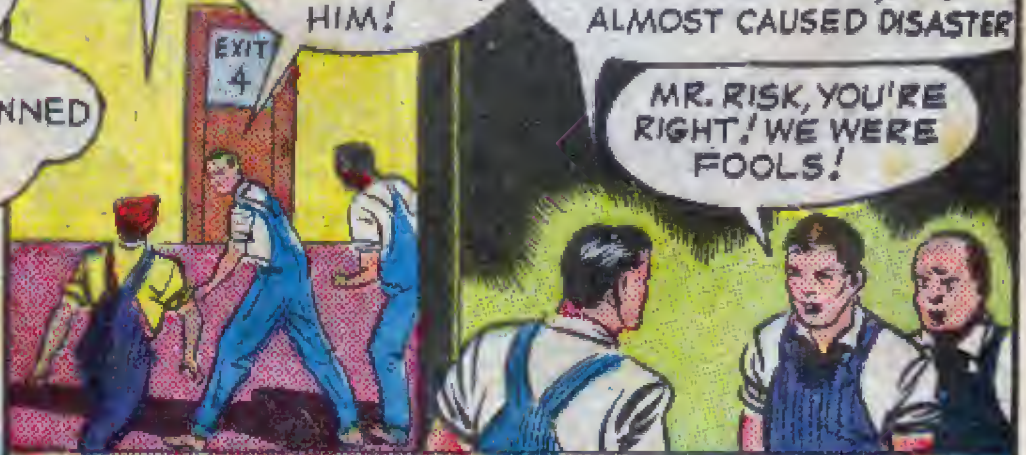
GOOD LORD! HOW HORRIBLE! HE MUST HAVE HAD THAT PLANNED FOR ME!

MASTER ..EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT..I OPENED VALVE!

I CAN'T SAY THE SAME FOR FENTON! THE ACID BURNS KILLED HIM!

YES, FELLOWS..YOU ARE GUILTY OF ABUSING THE AMERICAN SENSE OF HUMOR! FENTON, BEING IN THE ENEMY'S PAY, TOOK ADVANTAGE OF IT, AND ALMOST CAUSED DISASTER

MR. RISK, YOU'RE RIGHT! WE WERE FOOLS!



LOOK FOR MR. RISK IN SUPER-MYSTERY!

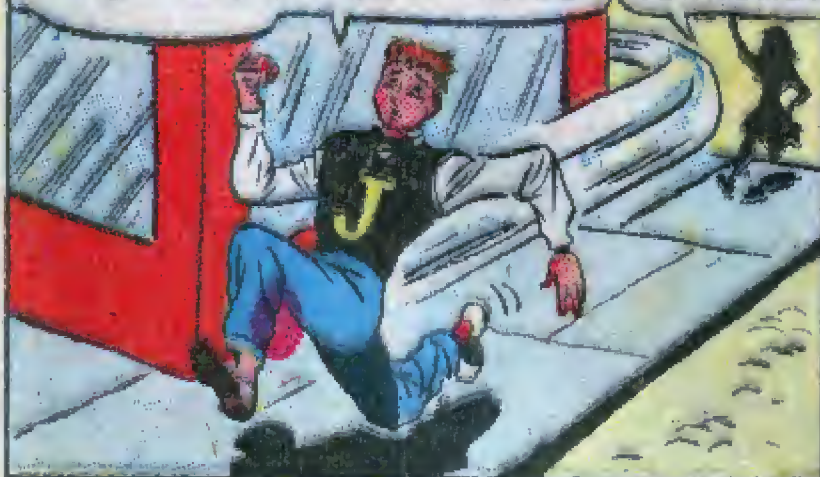
Chuck



MEET CHUCK CONNORS, OF GOUDERSPORT—A REAL AMERICAN BOY, WHO SOMETIMES IS A LITTLE ICKY, BUT ALWAYS MANAGES SOMEHOW TO COME IN ON THE BEAM LIKE A 8-29.

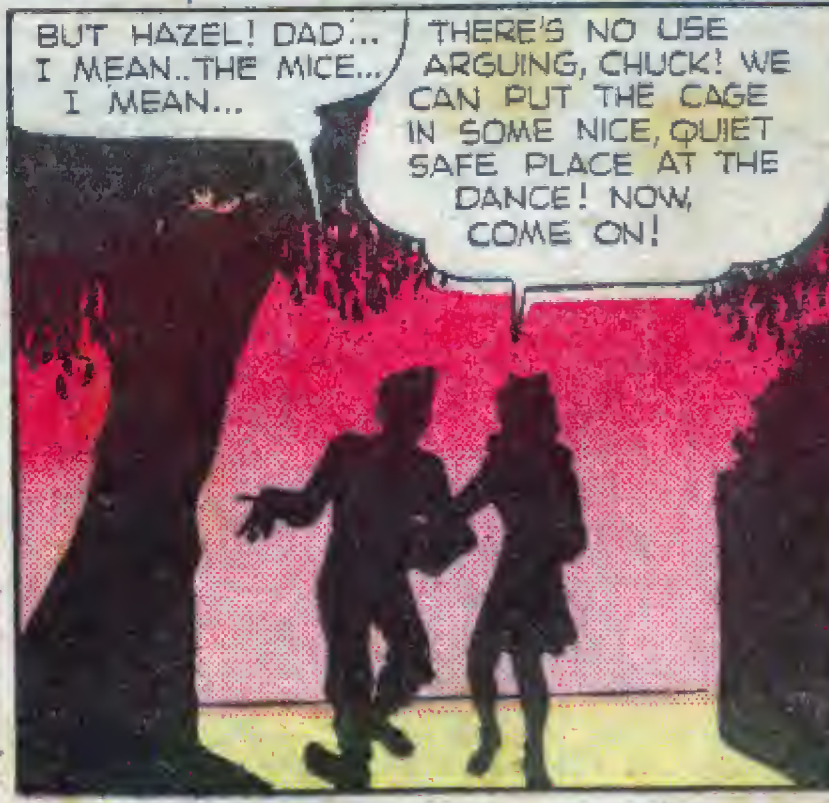
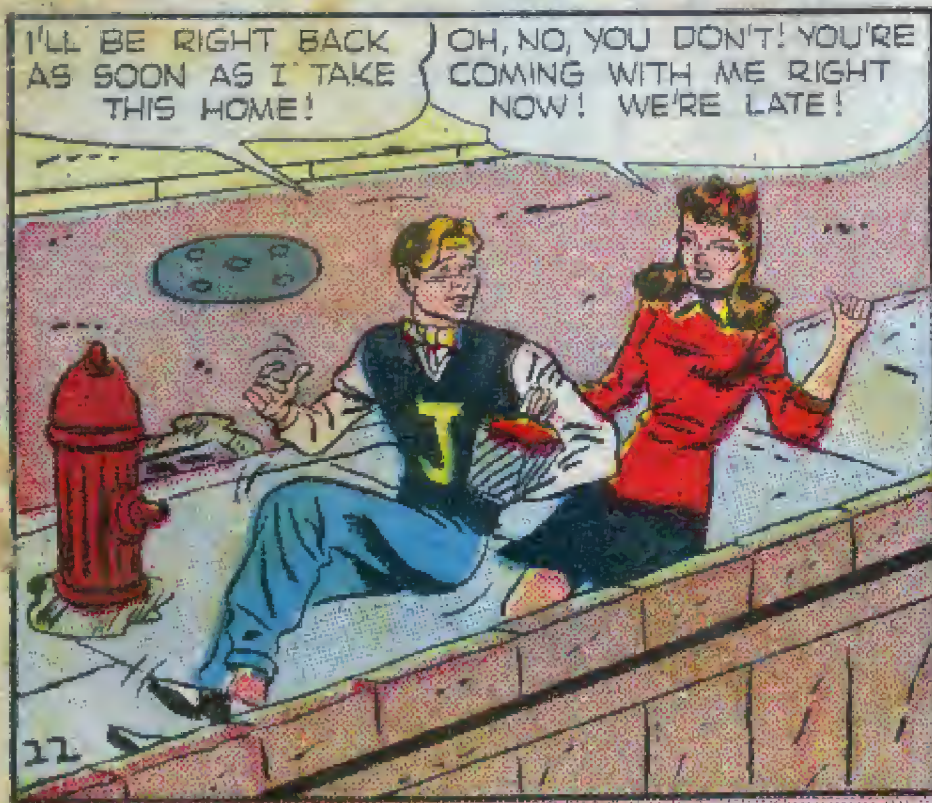
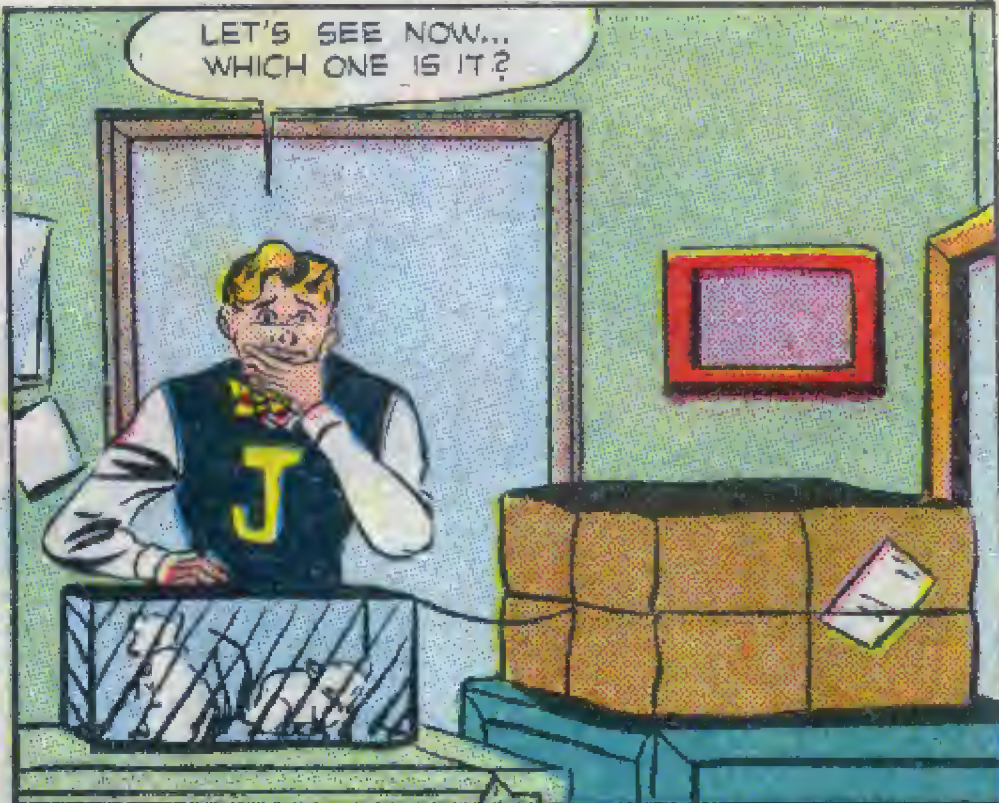
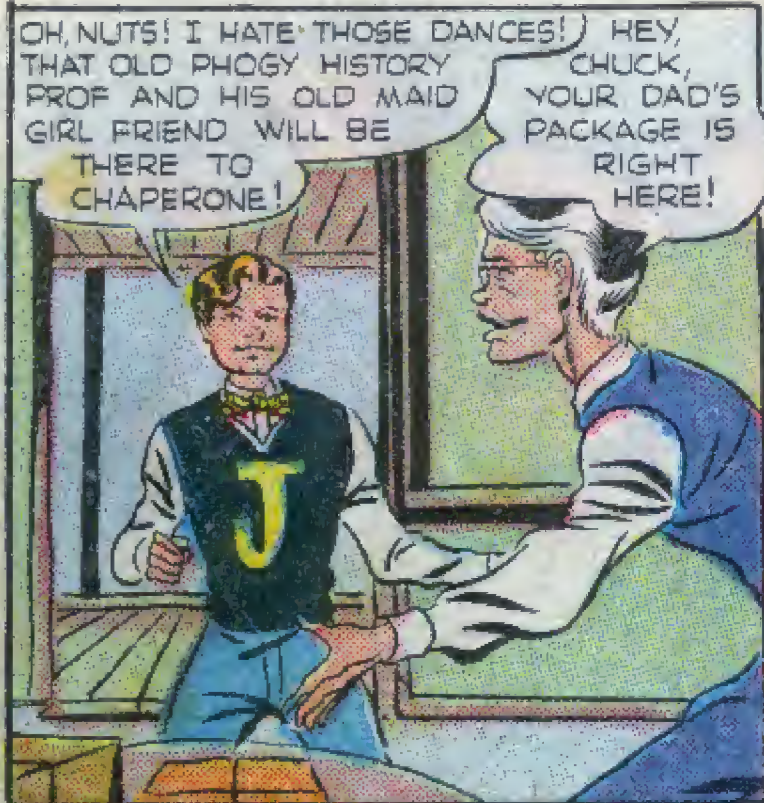
OH, GOSH, I GOT A DATE WITH HAZEL! AND DAD MAKES ME GO TO THE FREIGHT STATION FOR A PACKAGE!

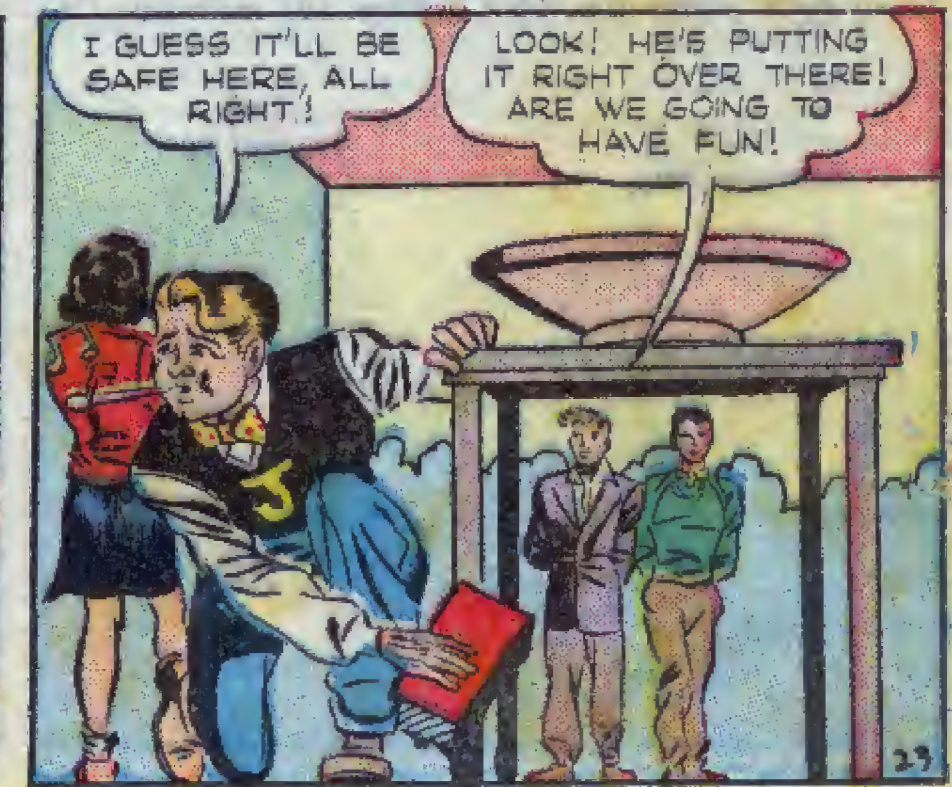
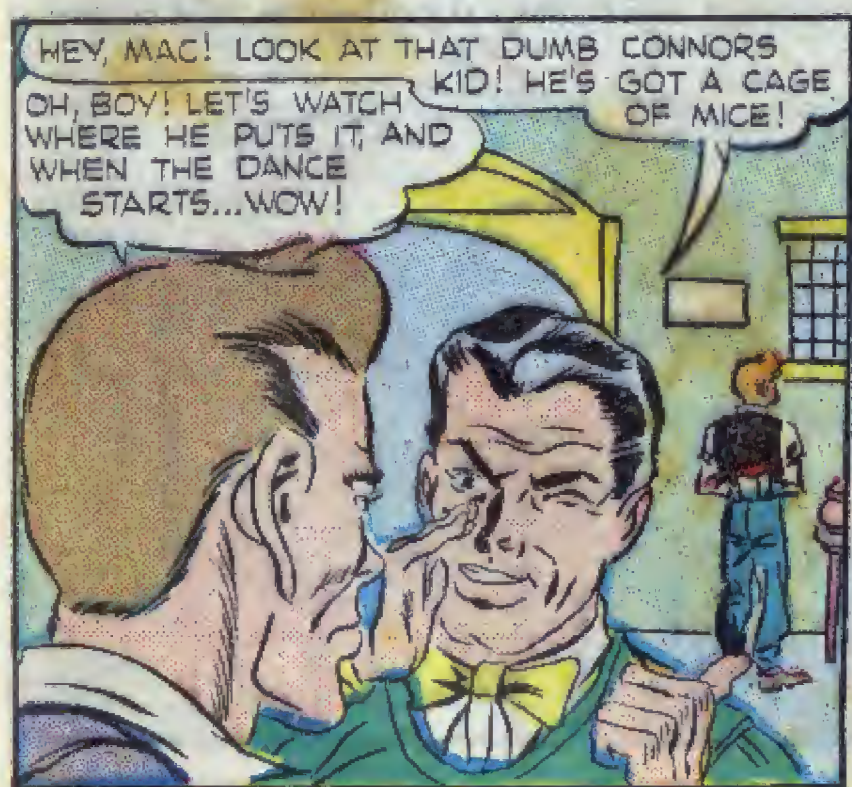
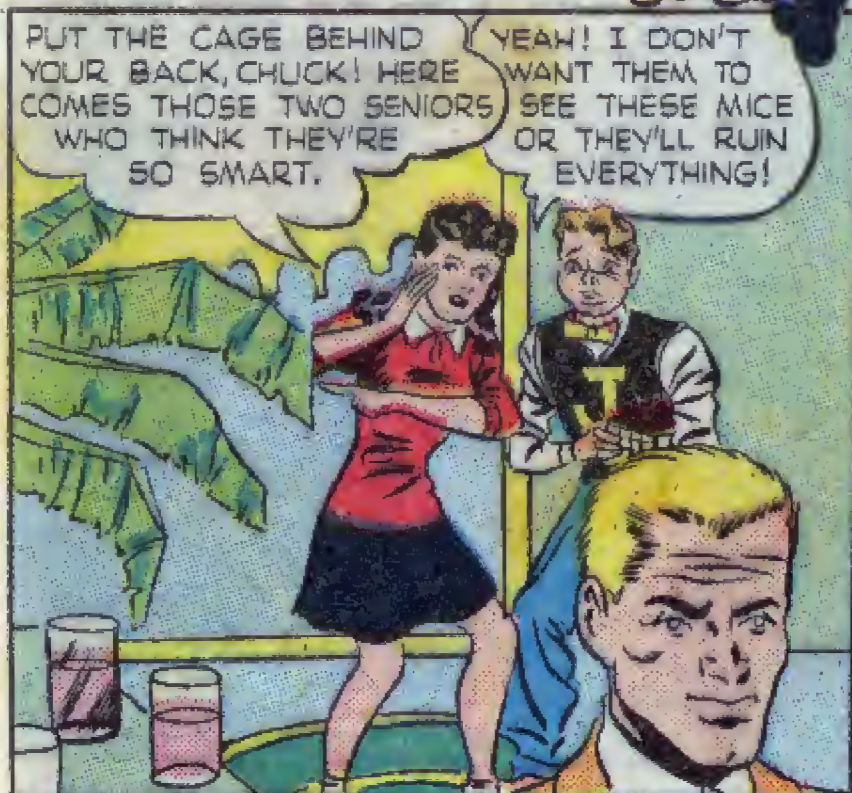
CHUCK!
CHUCK
CONNORS!



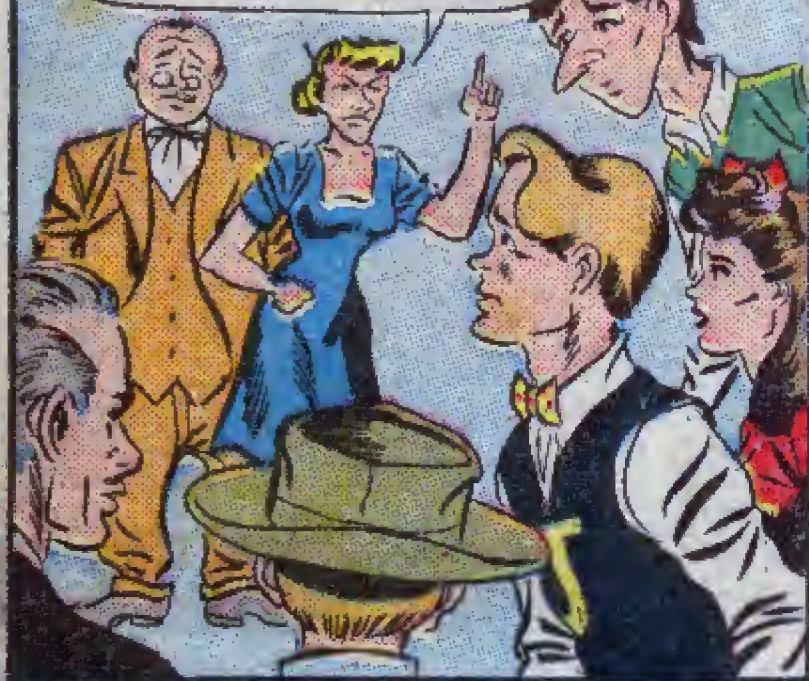
OH, GEE, GOSH! HIYA, HAZEL! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK! GOTTA GET A BOX!
WELL, YOU'D BETTER BE RIGHT BACK IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU! WE'RE GOING TO THE SOPH HOP TONIGHT!



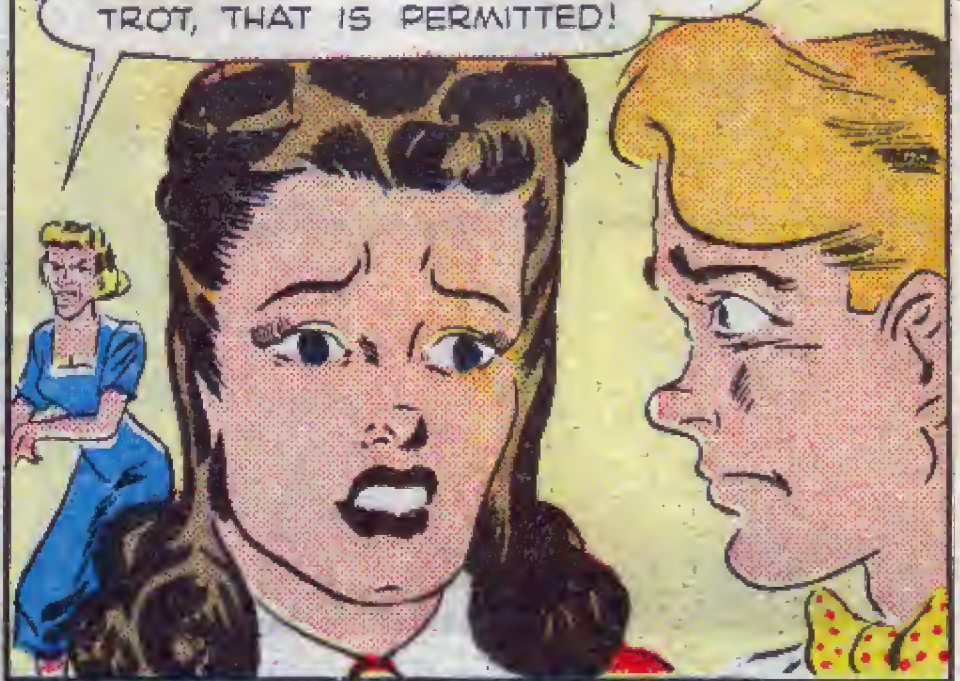




LATER... NOW CHILDREN, THE DANCE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN, BUT REMEMBER, THERE IS TO BE NONE OF THIS FANATICAL JUMPING YOU CALL JITTERBUGS!

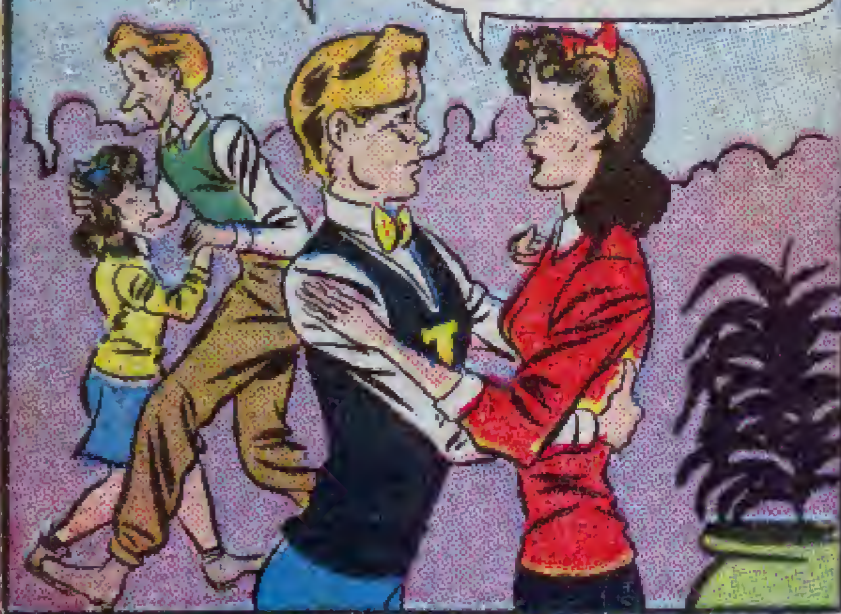


WHATEVER THE TERM IS, THE DANCE IS REVOLTING AND WILL NOT BE TOLERATED. I SEE NOTHING WRONG WITH THE OLD FASHIONED WALTZES MYSELF—BUT IF YOU WANT TO FOX TROT, THAT IS PERMITTED!



OH, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD! DO WE HAVE TO STAND THIS TORTURE?

NOW BE PATIENT, CHUCK. I PROMISED DAD AND MOTHER I'D BE HERE TONIGHT, AND I CAN'T BREAK MY WORD!



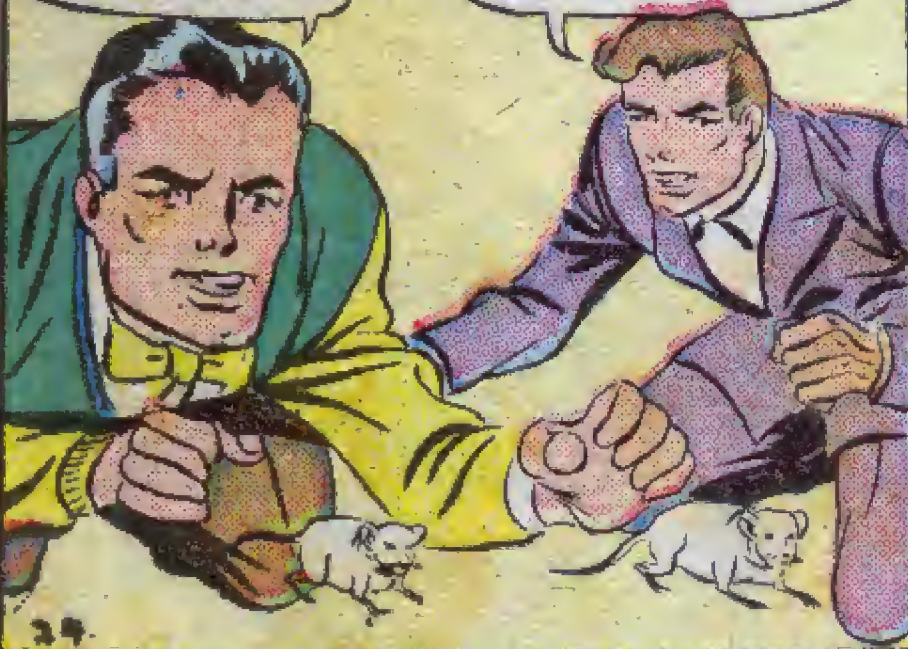
HOT ZIGS! THERE ARE TWO OF THEM IN HERE! HERE, MAC, TAKE ONE!

OKAY! THEN LET'S GET TO THE EDGE OF THE GYM WHERE THEY'RE DANCING!



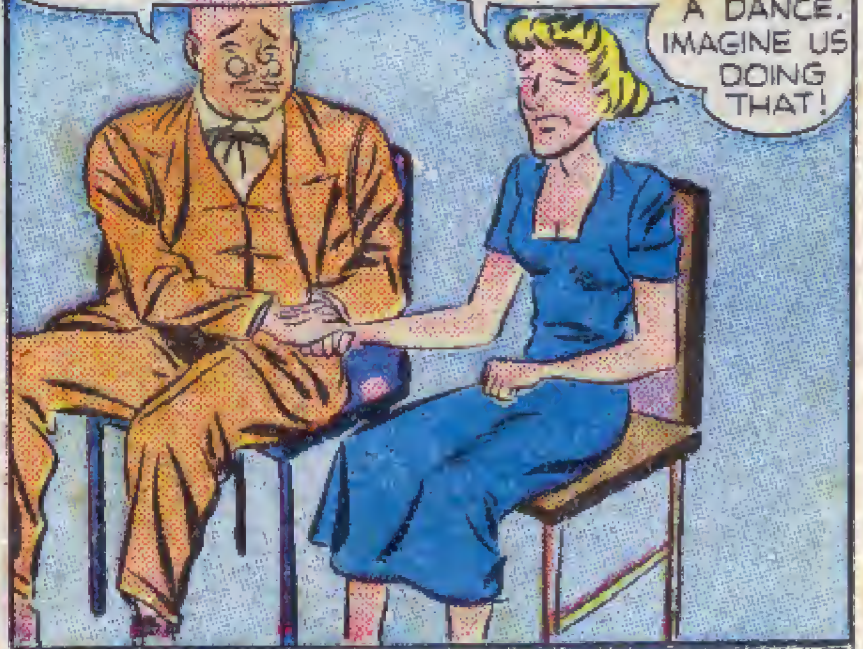
NOW BE A GOOD MOUSIE AND GO IN AND JOIN THE DANCERS!

HURRY UP, MICKEY! DON'T LET MINNIE DO ALL THE WORK.



A LOVELY PARTY, ISN'T IT? REMINDS ME OF OUR YOUNGER DAYS!

YES, AND THIS IS SUCH A SENSIBLE WAY FOR THE YOUNGER FOLKS TO HOLD A DANCE. IMAGINE US DOING THAT!





THAT MUSIC ALMOST MAKES ME FEEL LIKE DANCING AGAIN!

OH, DON'T BE SILLY! WE'RE TOO DIGNIFIED FOR THAT!



SUDDENLY... WHY, MINERVA! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD IT IN YOU!

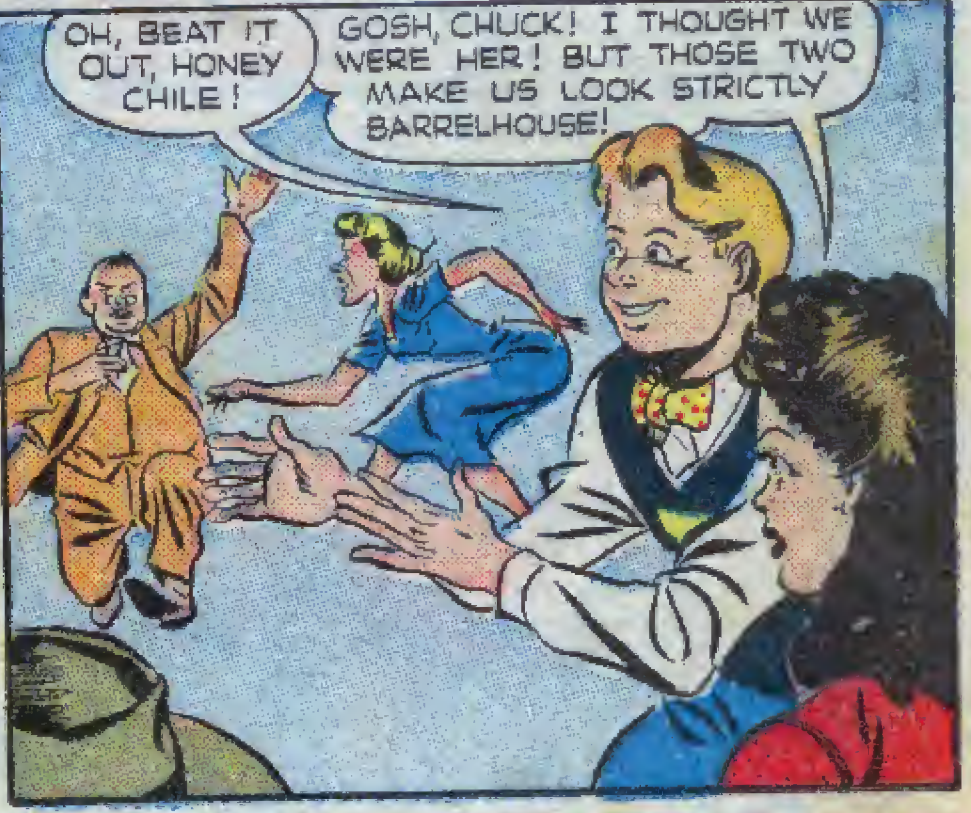
YEEOW!! YIPI!! WHEE!!



YEOW



SWING OUT, YOU GUYS! START BEATIN' THEM SKINS, MEN!



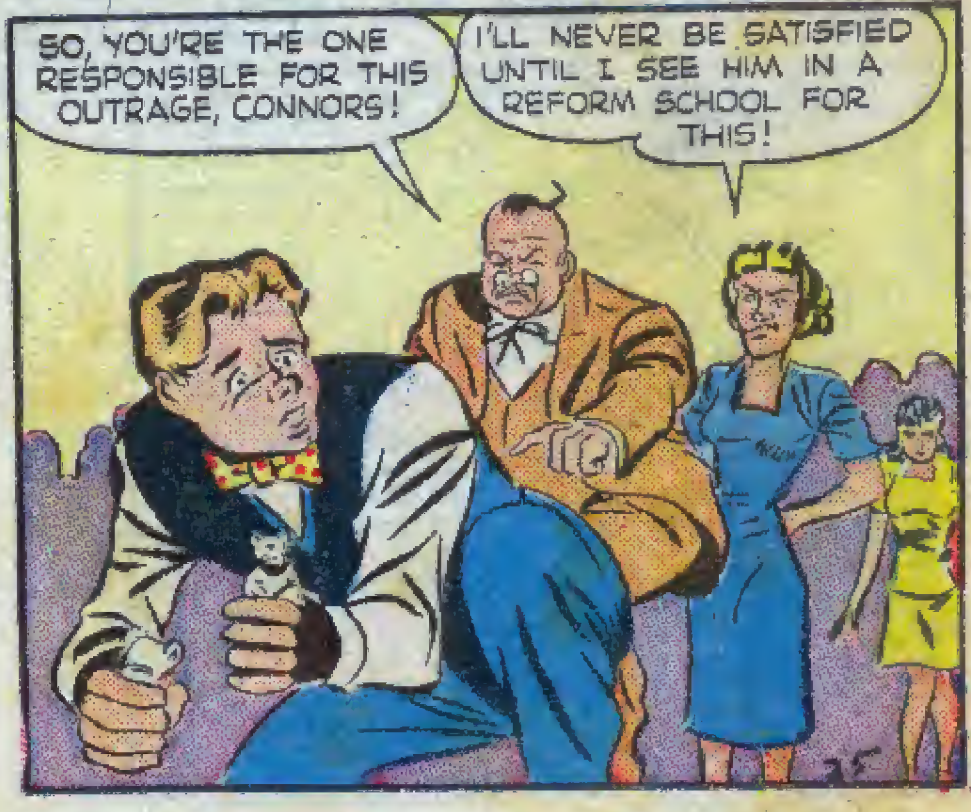
OH, BEAT IT OUT, HONEY CHILE!

GOSH, CHUCK! I THOUGHT WE WERE HER! BUT THOSE TWO MAKE US LOOK STRICTLY BARRELHOUSE!



H..HOLY HANNAH! NOW I SEE IT ALL! WOE IS ME!

OH, CHUCK, THIS IS HORRIBLE! YOU'D BETTER CATCH THEM!



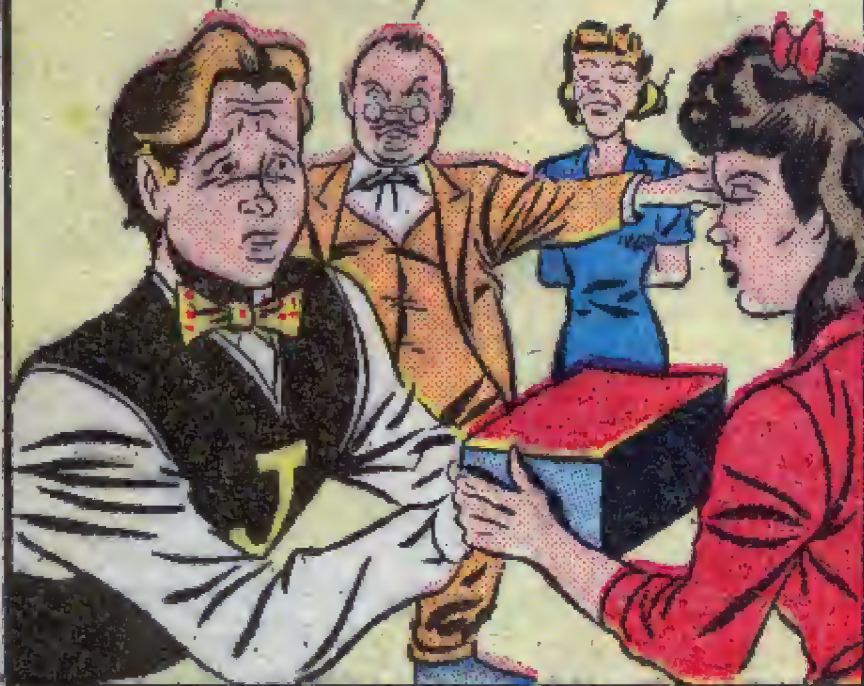
SO, YOU'RE THE ONE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS OUTRAGE, CONNORS!

I'LL NEVER BE SATISFIED UNTIL I SEE HIM IN A REFORM SCHOOL FOR THIS!

BUT HONEST, MR. WRINKLE, I COULDN'T HELP IT! I...

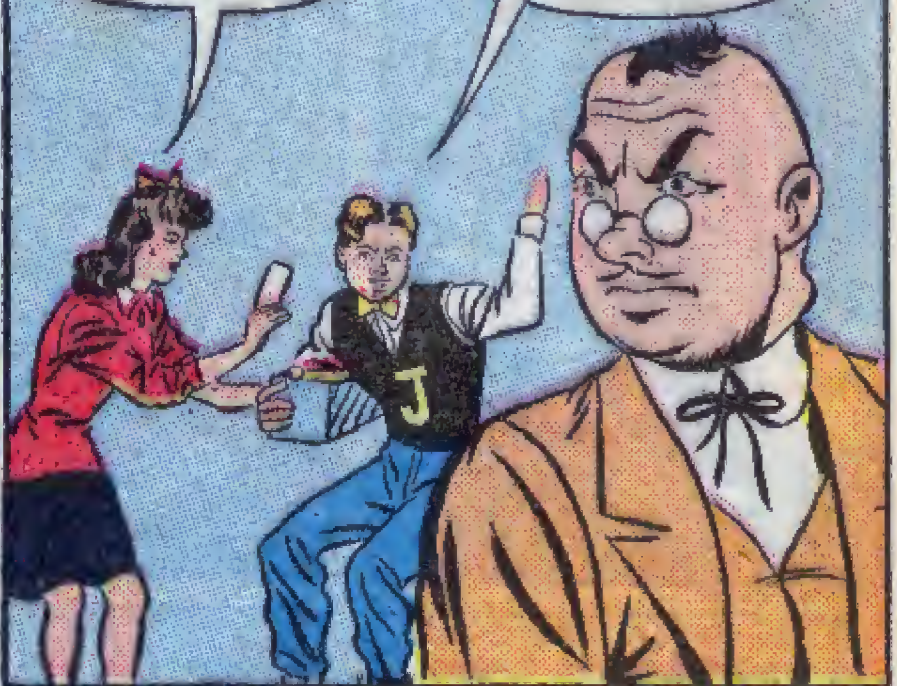
NO APOLOGIES ARE NECESSARY! GET OUT THAT DOOR!

AND NEVER DARKEN IT AGAIN! MICE! HOW REVOLTING!



CHUCK! LOOK AT THIS! YOU MUST HAVE MADE A MISTAKE! THIS TAG ON THE CAGE IS ADDRESSED TO MR. WRINKLE!

HUH? GOSH! THAT'S RIGHT! THIS BELONGS TO YOU, MR. WRINKLE!

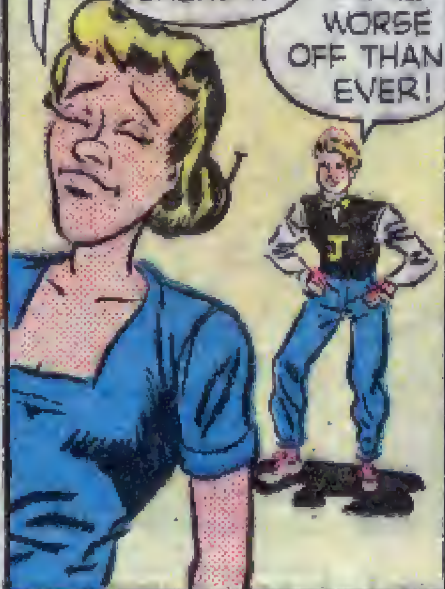


WITHERSPOON J. WRINKLE! IS THIS TRUE?

WELL, ER...YOU SEE... IT WAS THIS WAY, OF COURSE IT'S TRUE!

THIS IS THE END! YOU MAY CONSIDER OUR ENGAGEMENT BROKEN!

OH, GOLLY! NOW WE'RE WORSE OFF THAN EVER!



GOSH, MR. WRINKLE, I'M AWFULLY SORRY!

KIDS, YOU HAVE MADE ME THE HAPPIEST MAN IN THE WORLD!

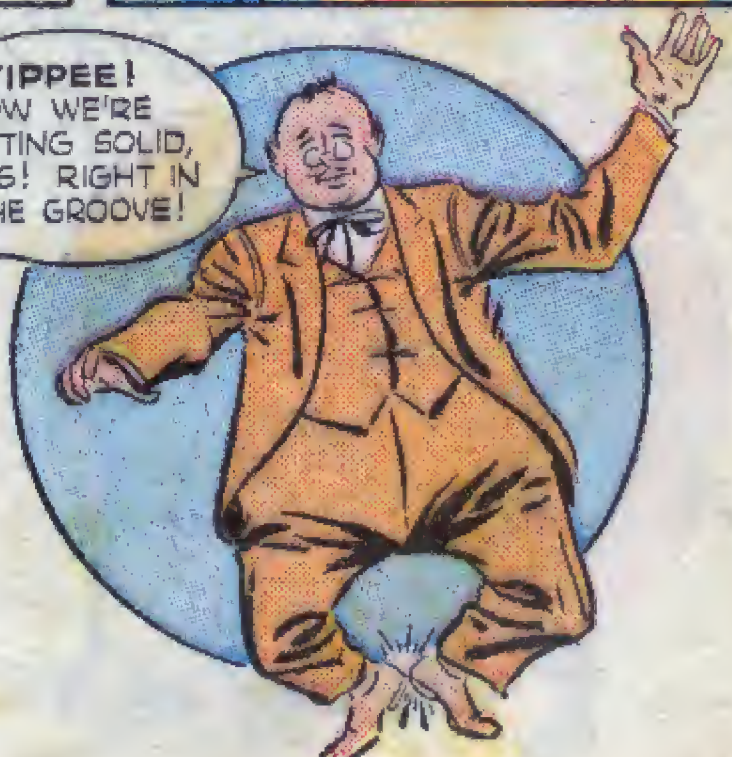


HAZEL, YOU'D BETTER TELL THEM TO START WALTZING AGAIN!

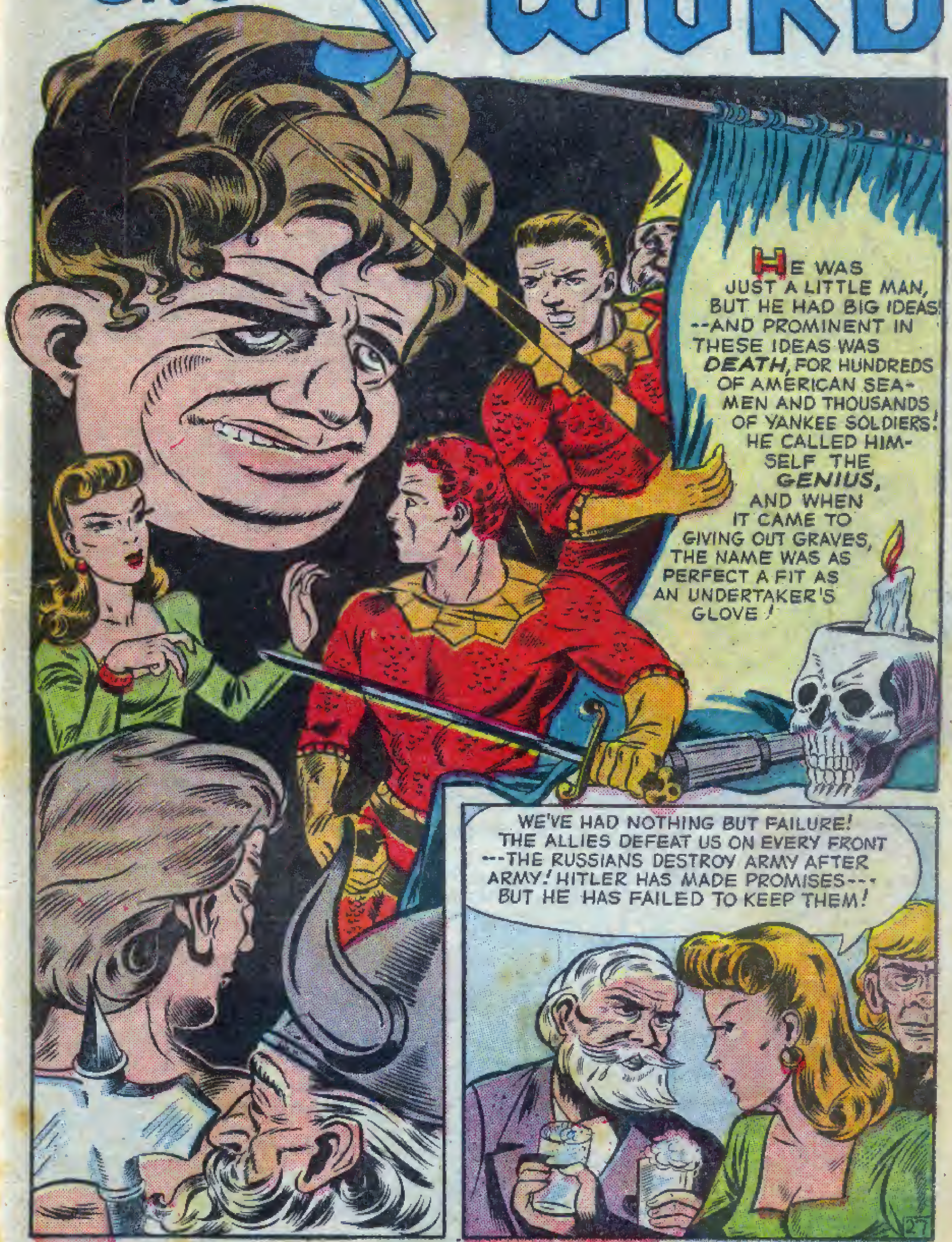
HAZEL, YOU'LL DO NO SUCH THING! YOU TWO GO ON AND JOIN THEM!



YIPPEE! NOW WE'RE GETTING SOLID, KIDS! RIGHT IN THE GROOVE!



The WORD



HE WAS JUST A LITTLE MAN, BUT HE HAD BIG IDEAS! --AND PROMINENT IN THESE IDEAS WAS **DEATH**, FOR HUNDREDS OF AMERICAN SEAMEN AND THOUSANDS OF YANKEE SOLDIERS! HE CALLED HIMSELF THE **GENIUS**, AND WHEN IT CAME TO GIVING OUT GRAVES, THE NAME WAS AS PERFECT A FIT AS AN UNDERTAKER'S GLOVE!

WE'VE HAD NOTHING BUT FAILURE! THE ALLIES DEFEAT US ON EVERY FRONT --THE RUSSIANS DESTROY ARMY AFTER ARMY! HITLER HAS MADE PROMISES--- BUT HE HAS FAILED TO KEEP THEM!

WE'VE ALL FAILED! WE COULDN'T EVEN REMOVE THE SWORD AND LANCER!

SHHHH! QUIET, MORGANA! MAYBE YOU DRINK TOO MUCH --YOUR TONGUE GETS LOOSE!

IF GESTAPO HEAR, YOU LOSE YOUR HEAD!

WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT -- HIC -- MAKE! I'M A FAILURE! I MIGHT AS WELL BE DEAD!

YOU'RE RIGHT! YOU MIGHT AS WELL!

FAY MORGANA! THE GREATEST SPY IN ALL THE REICH! BUT AT EVERY TURN YOU HAVE BEEN BESTED BY A BROAD-MUSCLED AND WEAK-MINDED PAIR OF JERKS! YOU UTTER FOOL!

HUH?

YOU DARE CALL MORGANA A FOOL! I'LL CRUSH YOU TO A PULP!

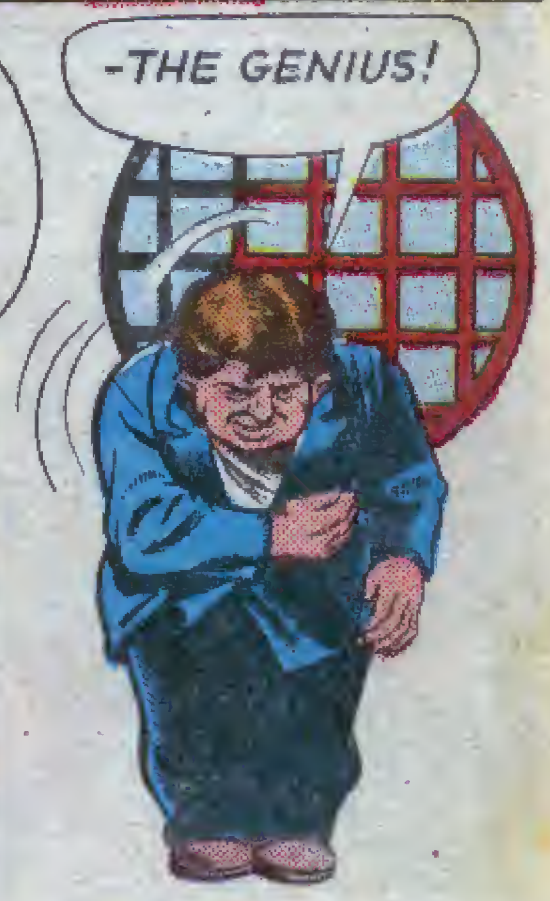
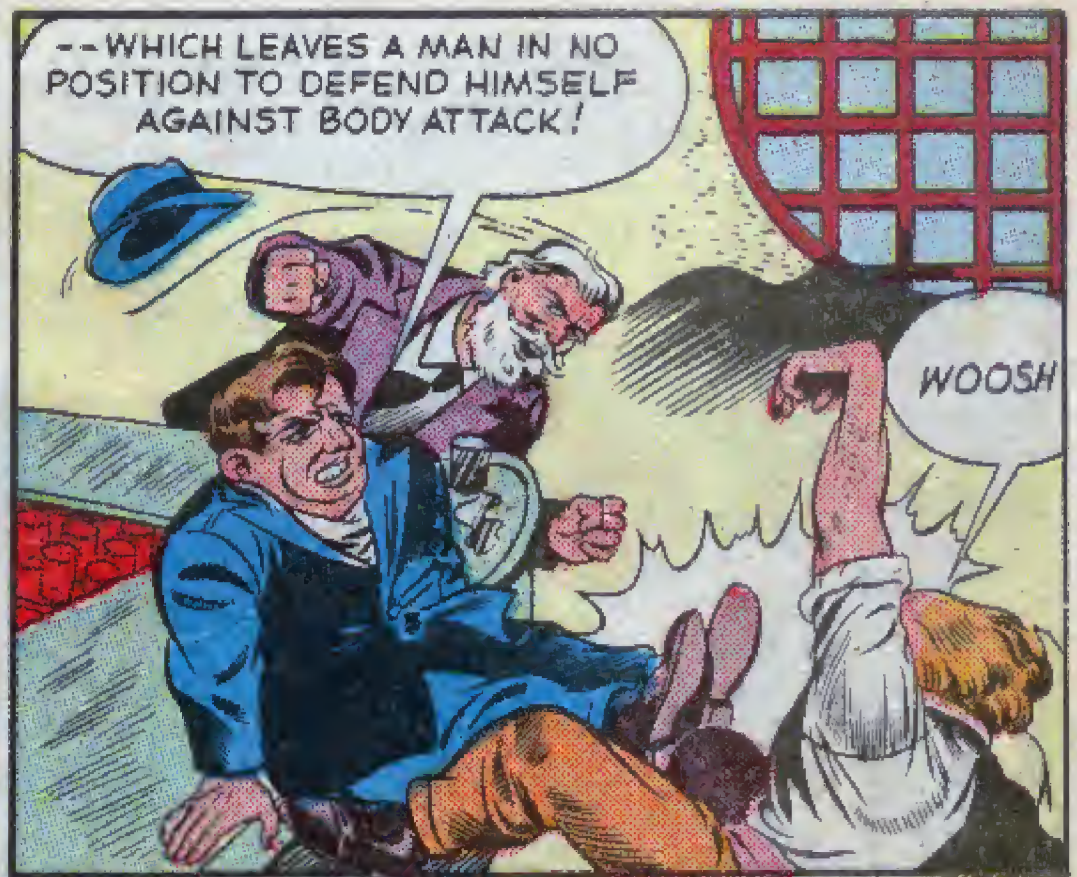
A SIMPLE PROTECTIVE DEVICE BORROWED FROM OUR ANIMAL FRIEND, THE PORCUPINE!

YOW!

FURTHER PROOF THAT THE MIND IS QUICKER THAN THE MUSCLE!

LITTLE SQUIRT--I KILL!

BEER, WHEN SHAKEN, BECOMES QUITE ACTIVE WHEN RELEASED!



FOR SOME TIME I HAVE PLANNED, AND YOU, MORGANA, PLAY AN IMPORTANT PART. THEREFORE, I COULD NOT ALLOW YOU TO GET YOURSELF KILLED BY THE GESTAPO!



YOU HAVE TRIED MANY WAYS TO STOP PRODUCTION AT THE LAKEHURST PLANT, BUT FAILED, BECAUSE OF THE SWORD.

SO? QUITE INTERESTING! GO ON!



HOWEVER, YOU COULD ACCOMPLISH THE SAME THING BY SINKING CONVOYS CARRYING THEIR PRODUCTS!

EASY TO SAY, BUT HARD TO DO!



I DON'T CALL MYSELF THE GENIUS FOR NOTHING! I CAN GIVE YOU ALL THE DETAILS CONCERNING CONVOYS, FOR A PRICE -- A HIGH PRICE!

IT'S A DEAL!



BUT HOW DO I KNOW YOU CAN PRODUCE!

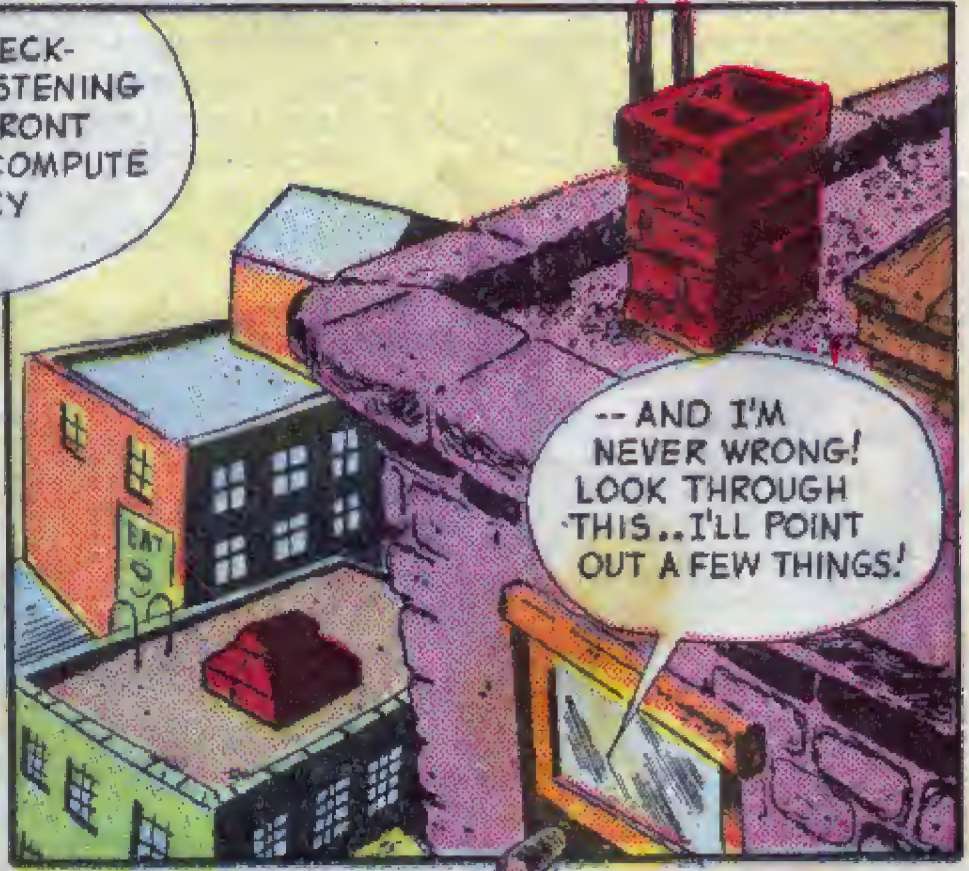


LOOK OUT THIS WINDOW! YOU'LL NOTICE IT OVERLOOKS THE HARBOR OVERFLOWING WITH SHIPPING!

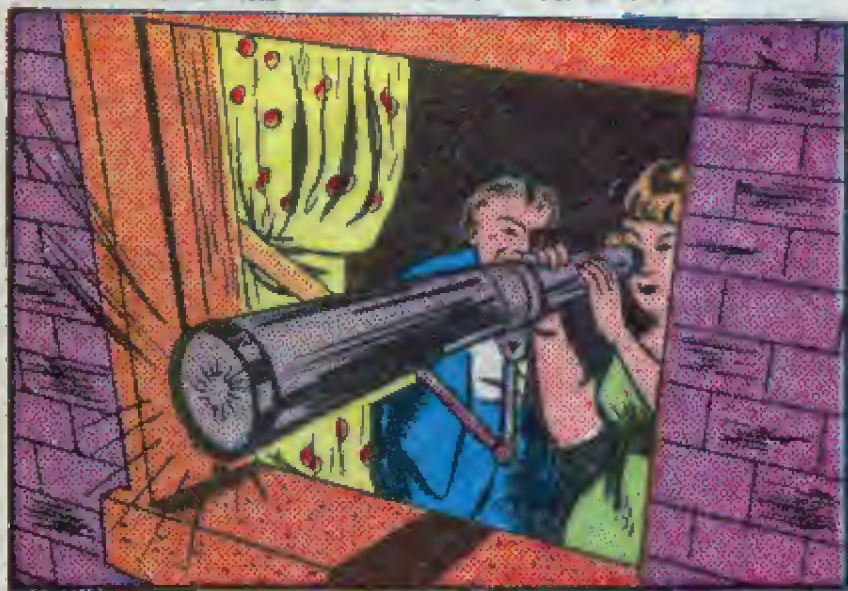
BY WATCHING SHIPS, CHECKING THEIR REGISTRY, AND LISTENING TO CONVERSATIONS IN WATERFRONT BARS, I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO COMPUTE A FORMULA FOR WHERE THEY SAIL AND WHEN---



-- AND I'M NEVER WRONG! LOOK THROUGH THIS.. I'LL POINT OUT A FEW THINGS!



AS MORGANA FOCUSES THE TELESCOPE ON THE HARBOR, A BEAM OF SUNSHINE REFLECTS FROM THE LENS--



-- AND INTO THE EYES OF ARTHUR LAKE!

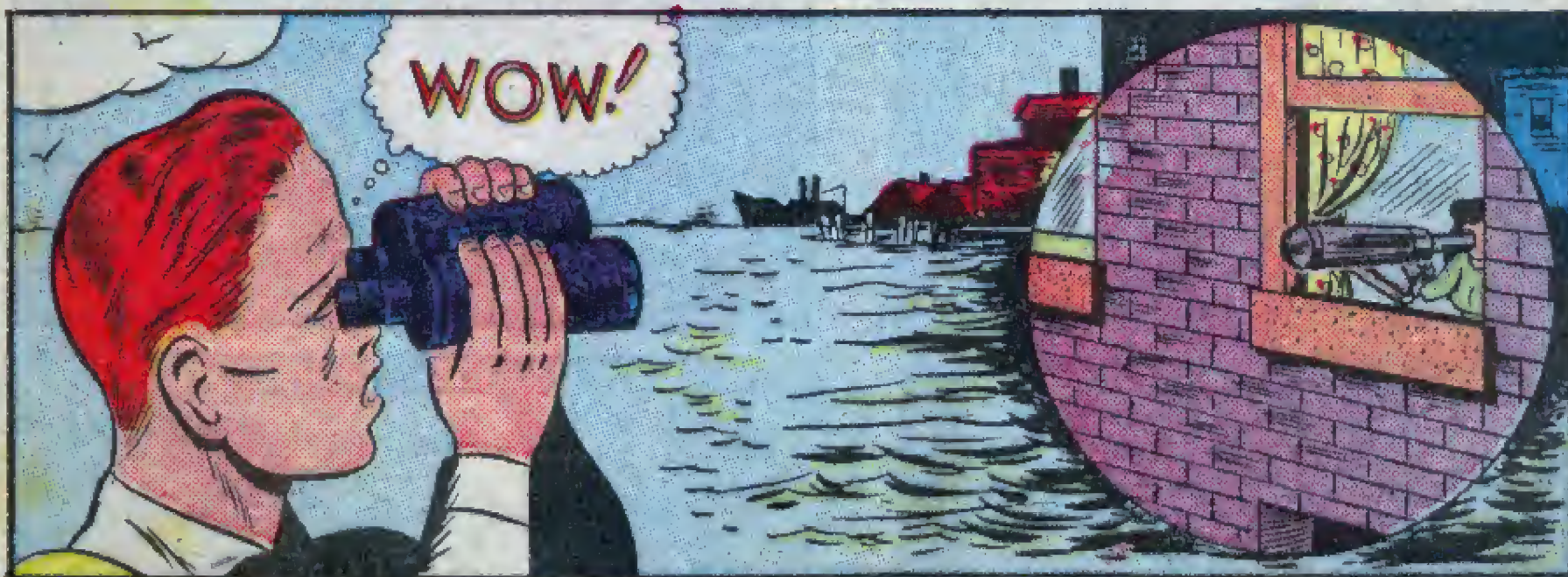
THANKS FOR ALLOWING US TO VISIT THE CONVOY, LIEUTENANT.

YOU'RE WELCOME, MR. LAKE--AFTER ALL, YOU MADE THE PLANES IT CARRIES!

A LIGHT FLASH! WHAT COULD HAVE CAUSED THAT?

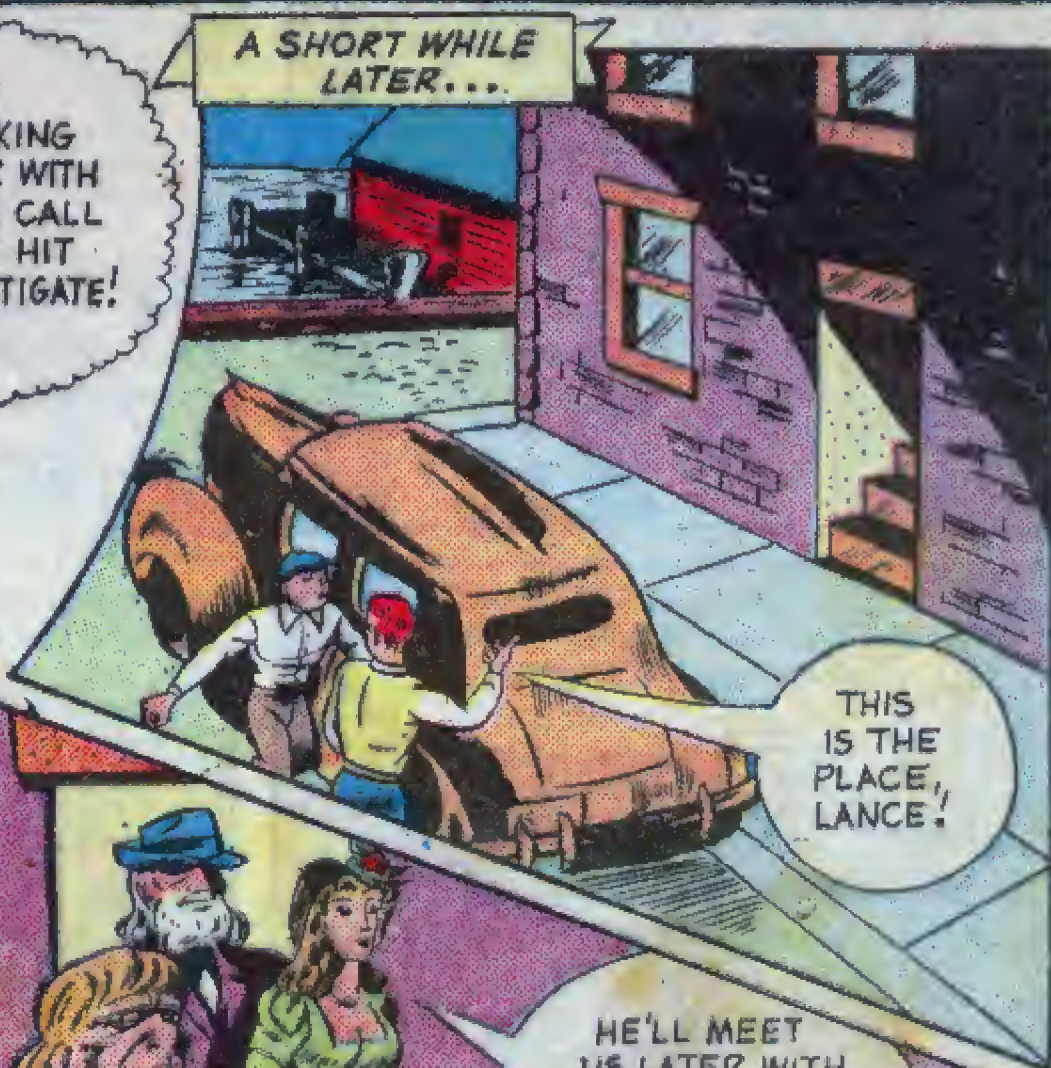


WOW!



THAT'S MIGHTY INTERESTING, LOOKING OVER THE HARBOR WITH A TELESCOPE. I'LL CALL LANCE WHEN WE HIT SHORE AND INVESTIGATE!

A SHORT WHILE LATER...



HOLY COW! THAT'S MORGANA!

SO IT IS! LOOKS LIKE WE REALLY FOUND SOMETHING!

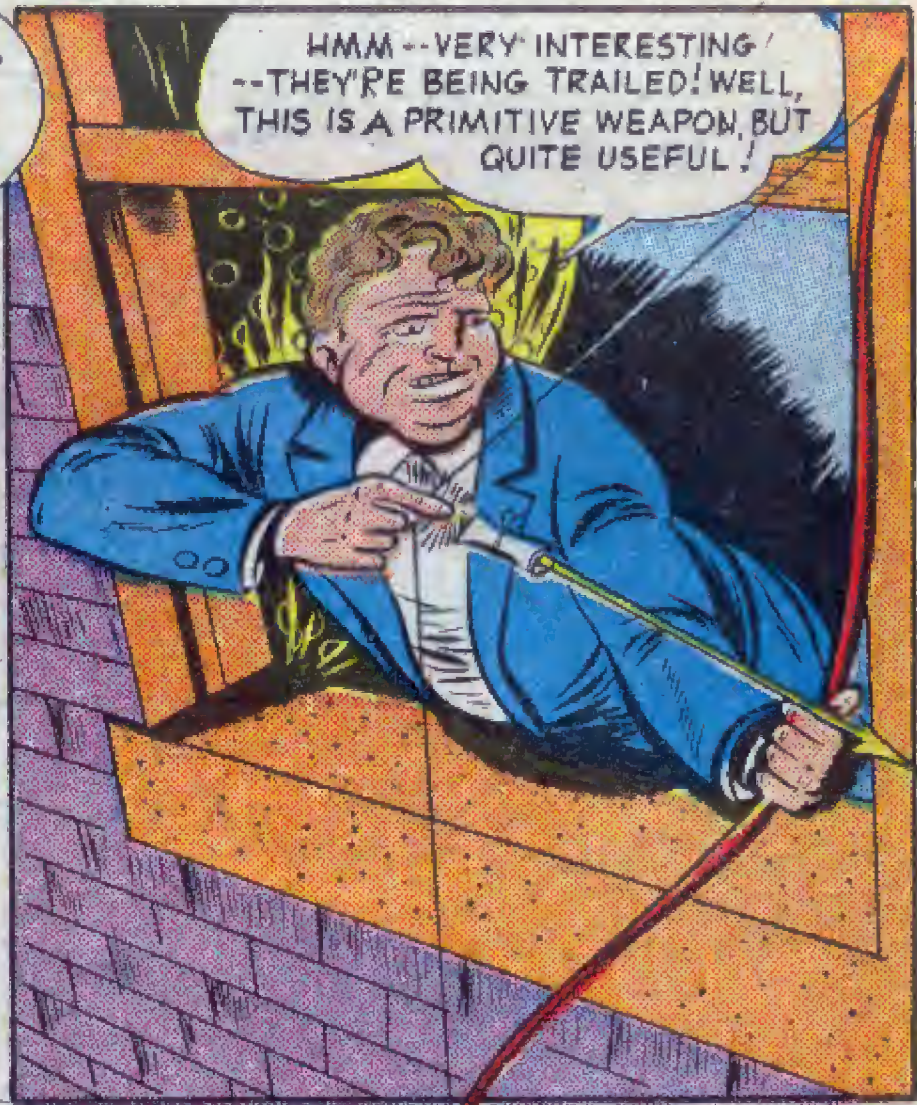


HE'LL MEET US LATER WITH COMPLETE INFORMATION!

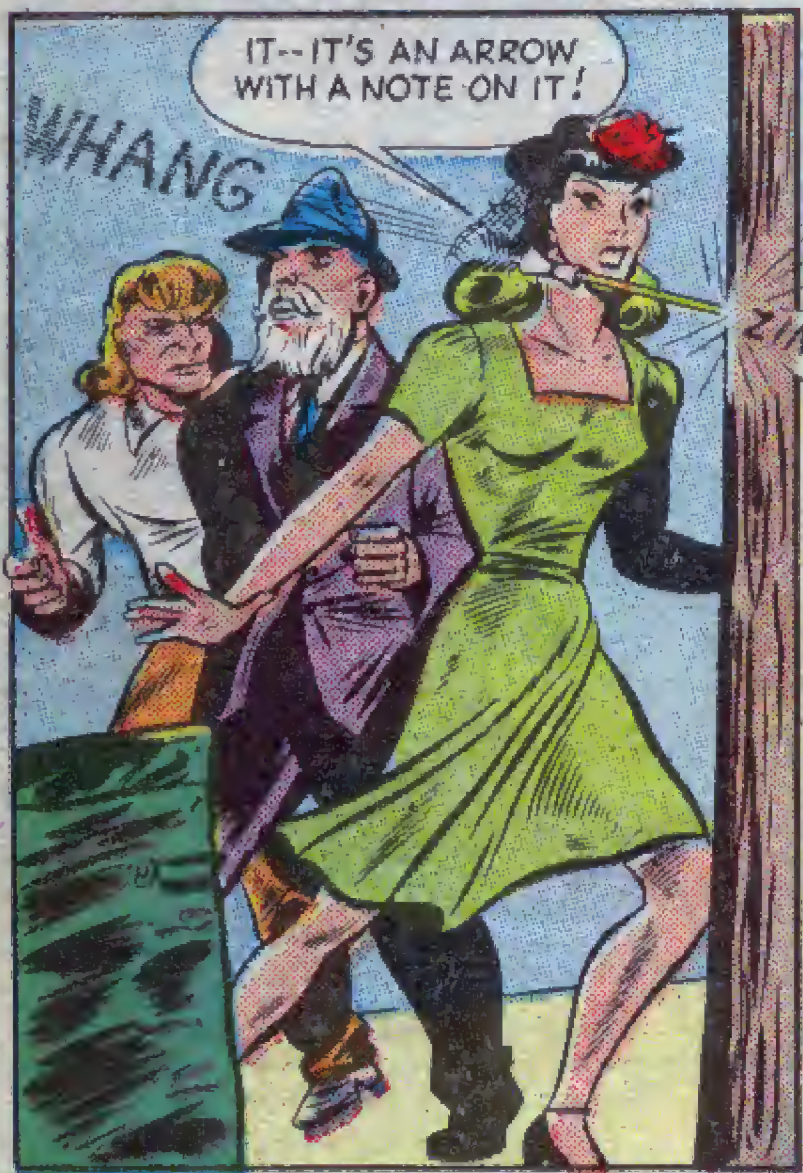


YOU FOLLOW THEM, LANCE! I'LL RACE HOME AND PULL EXCALIBUR, SO WE CAN DEAL WITH THEM!

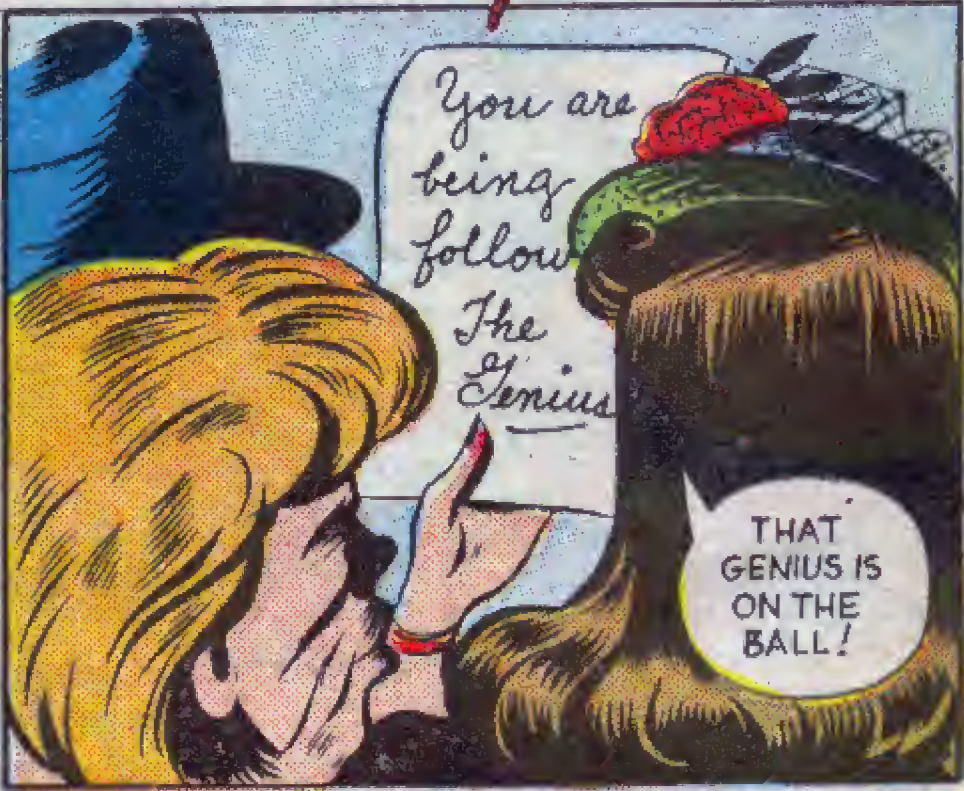
SWELL, ARTHUR... BUT STEP ON IT! I'M ITCHING FOR ACTION!



HMM--VERY INTERESTING! --THEY'RE BEING TRAILED! WELL, THIS IS A PRIMITIVE WEAPON, BUT QUITE USEFUL!



IT--IT'S AN ARROW WITH A NOTE ON IT!



You are being followed by The Genius

THAT GENIUS IS ON THE BALL!

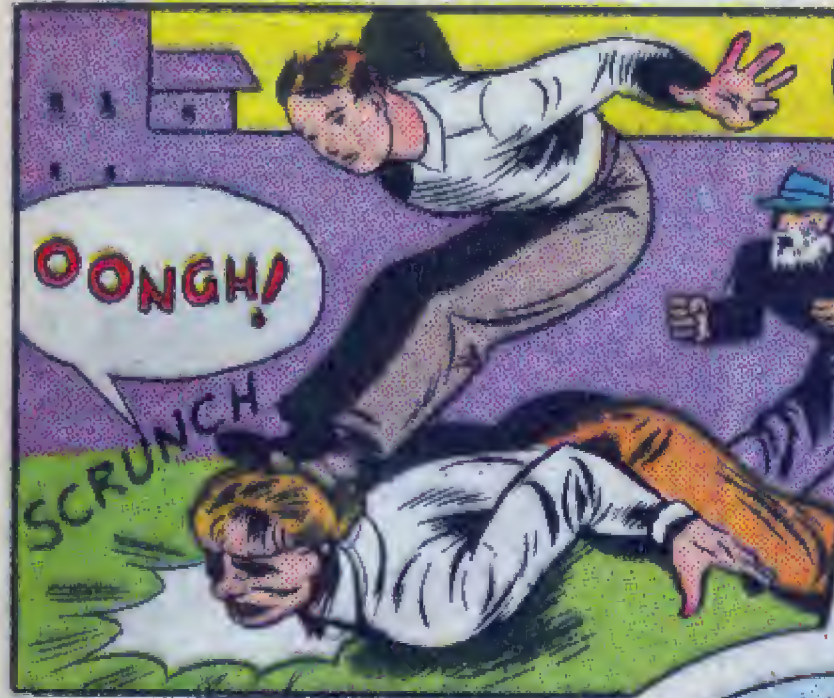


IT'S THAT LARTER BRAT! WE'VE HAD TROUBLE WITH HIM BEFORE! GRAB HIM!

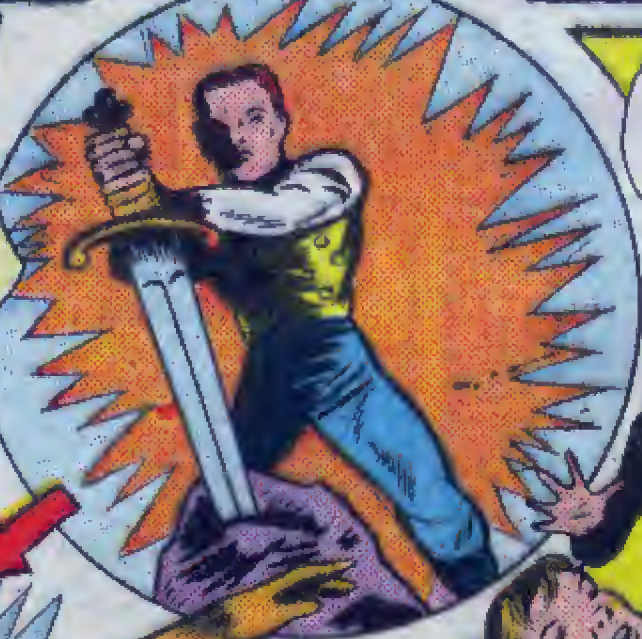


LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE ON TO ME! HERE, HAVE A TRIP!

OOF!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT ARTHUR REACHES THE SECRET HIDING PLACE OF THE MAGIC SWORD EXCALIBUR!

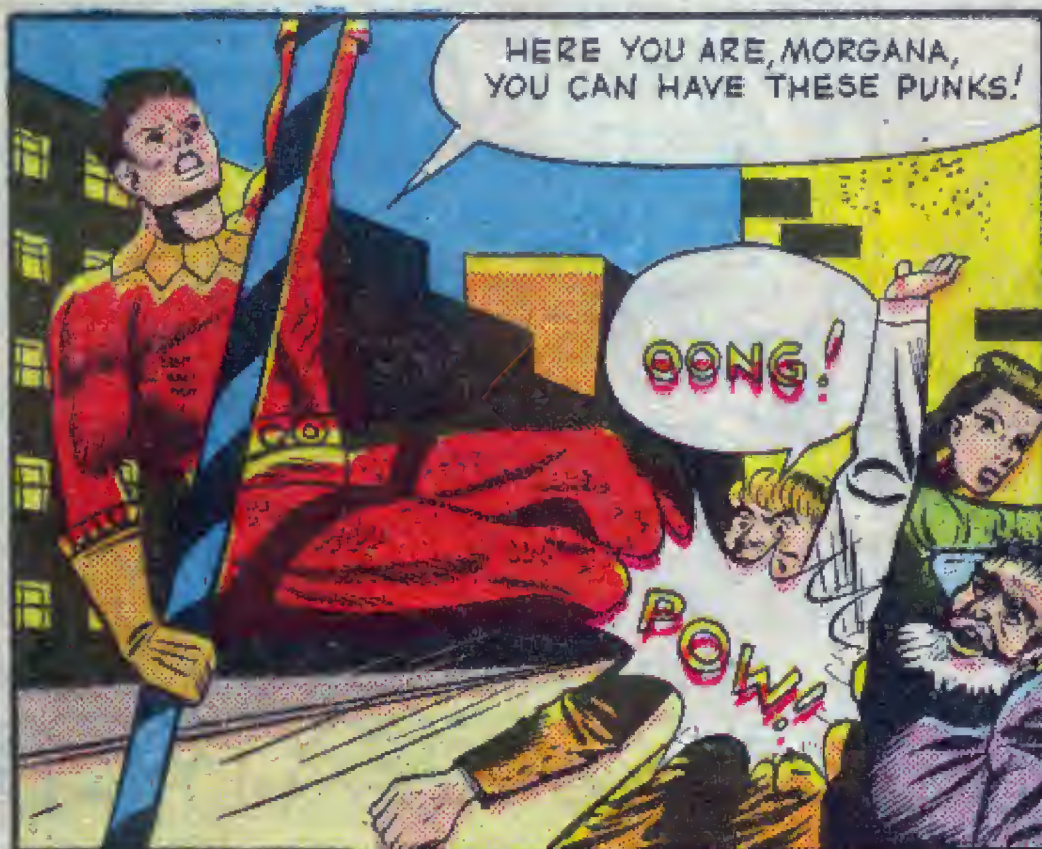


CRASH

THE SAME INSTANT--AND NOT ANY TOO SOON, LANCE LARTER BECOMES THE LANCER!

LIGHTNING FLASHES WITH A ROAR, AS EXCALIBUR IS PULLED FROM THE ROCK AND ARTHUR LAKE BECOMES THE MIGHTY FIGHTER OF JUSTICE - THE SWORD!





HERE YOU ARE, MORGANA,
YOU CAN HAVE THESE PUNKS!

OONG!

POW!



MEANWHILE, THE SWORD, WHO HAS
PICKED UP MERLIN EN ROUTE, RACES
TO THE SCENE OF ACTION!



BUT THE GENIUS HAS SEEN THE ACTION,
AND HE, TOO, HAS RACED TO THE SCENE!

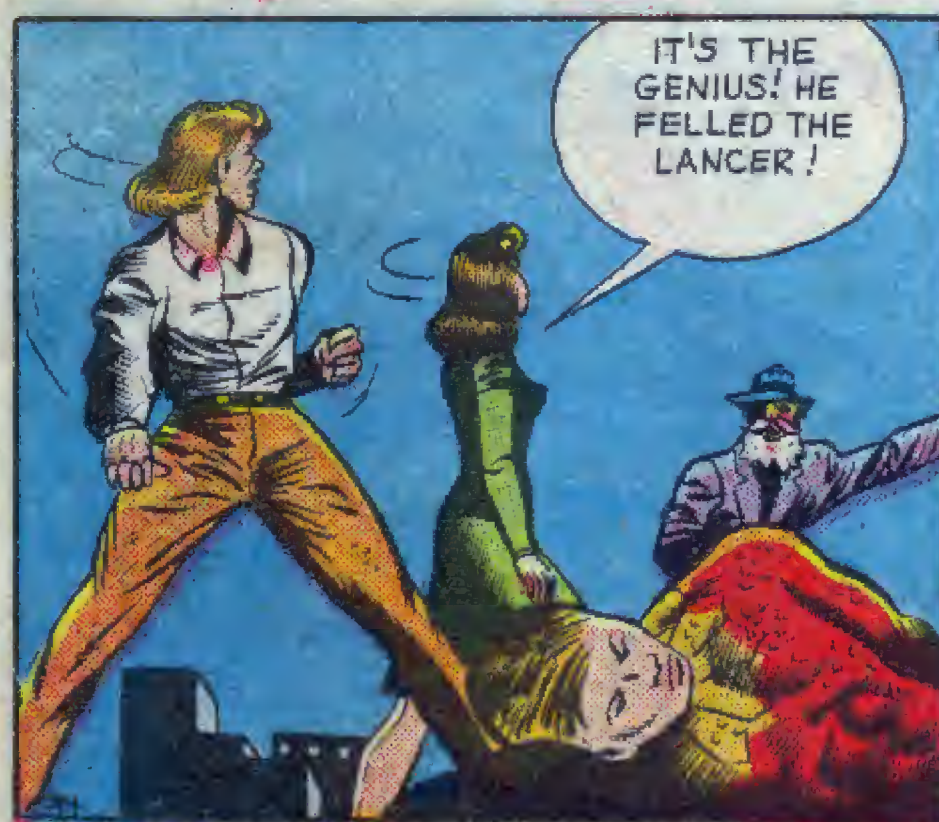
GOOD
THING I WAS
WATCHING
THEM!



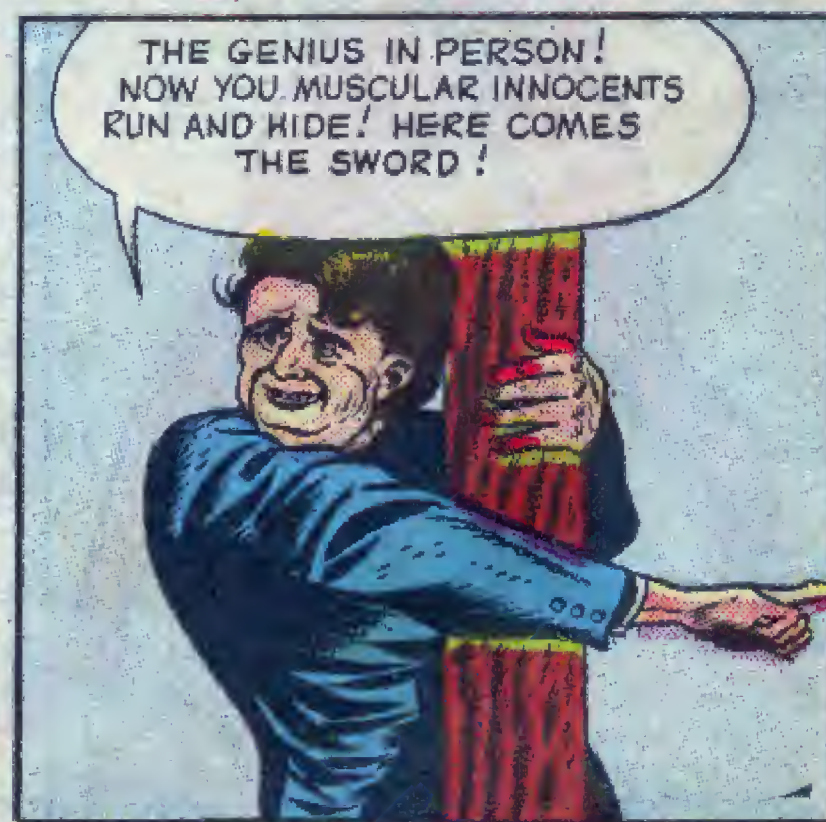
THERE IS ENOUGH
VOLTAGE HERE TO KILL
A WHALE!

CLICK

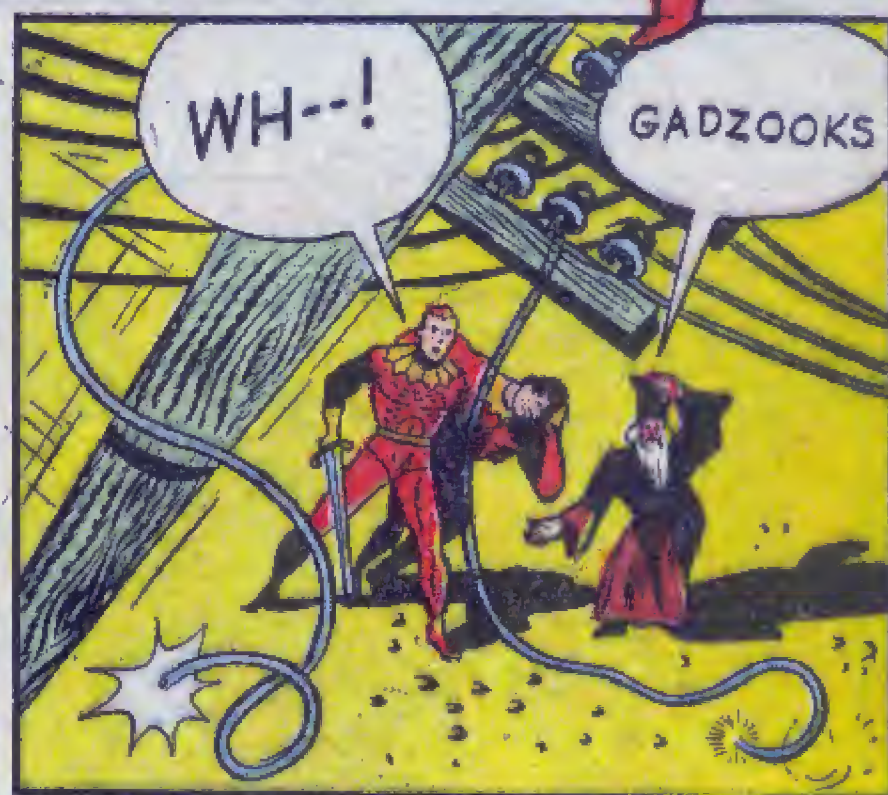
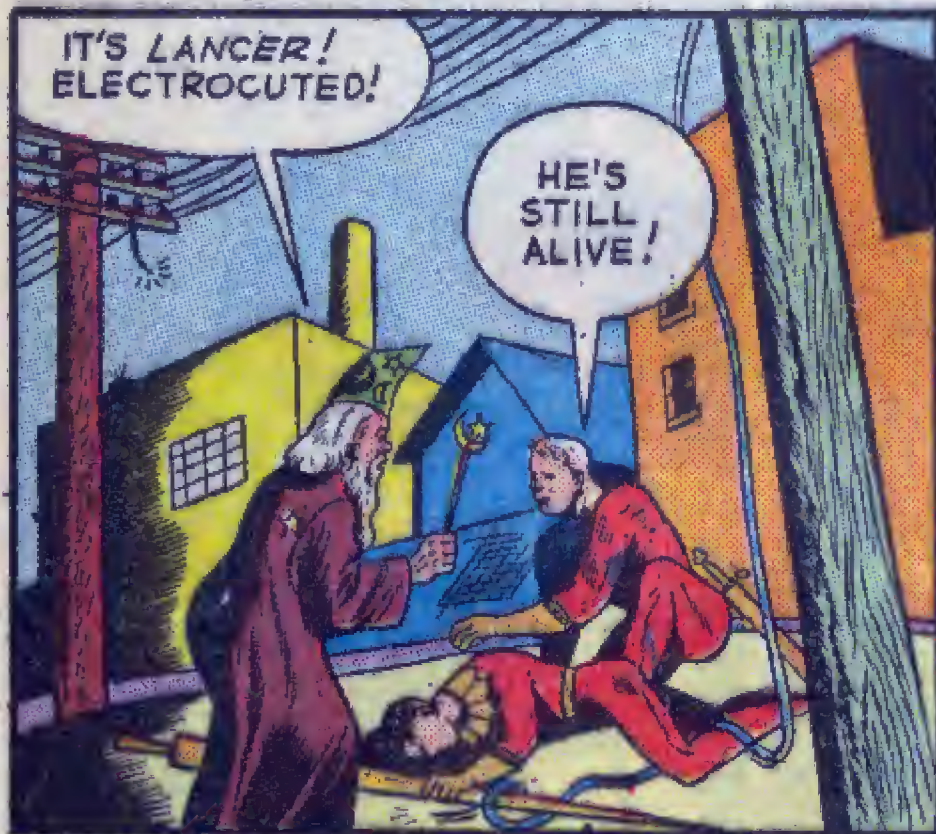
YEOW!



IT'S THE
GENIUS! HE
FELLED THE
LANCER!



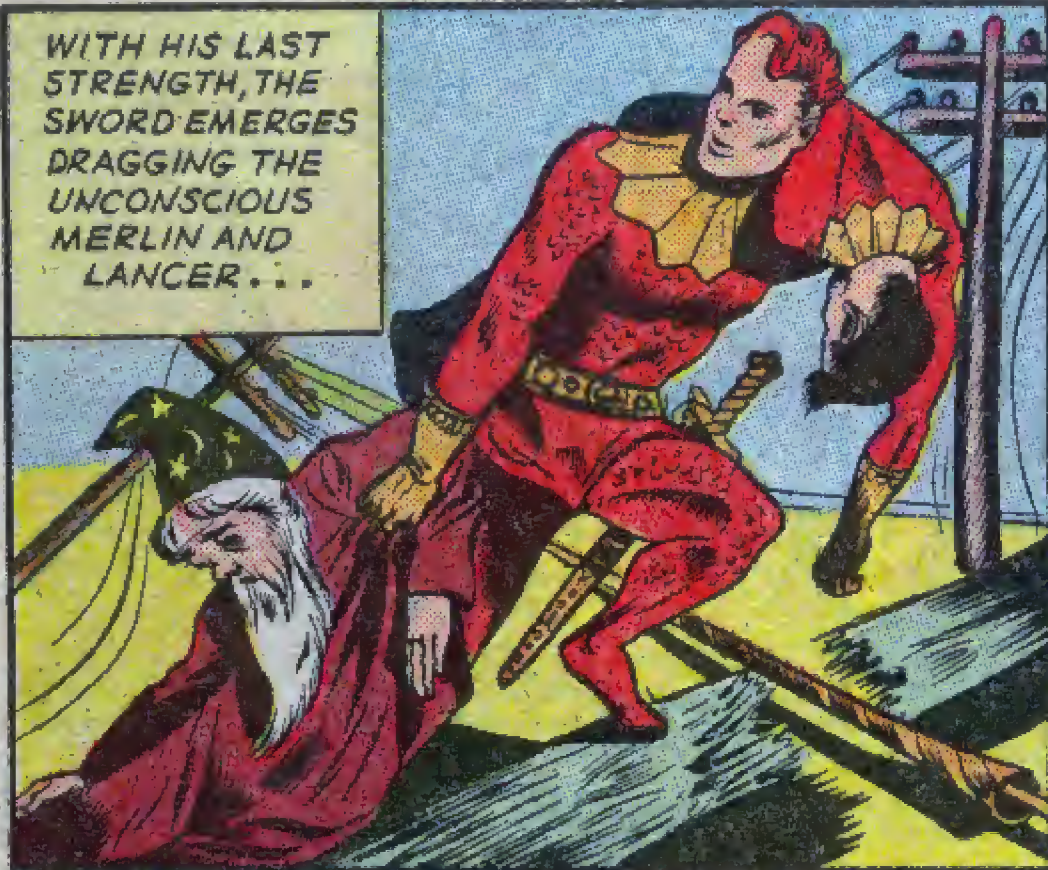
THE GENIUS IN PERSON!
NOW YOU MUSCULAR INNOCENTS
RUN AND HIDE! HERE COMES
THE SWORD!



WITH
SUPER-
STRENGTH
ENOUGH
TO KILL AN
ARMY,
THE
SWORD
HACKS
HIS WAY
LOOSE
FROM THE
HIGH
TENSION
WIRES!



WITH HIS LAST STRENGTH, THE SWORD EMERGES DRAGGING THE UNCONSCIOUS MERLIN AND LANCER...



THE HUN AND THE GOTH!

EYYAH!
YOOOO!



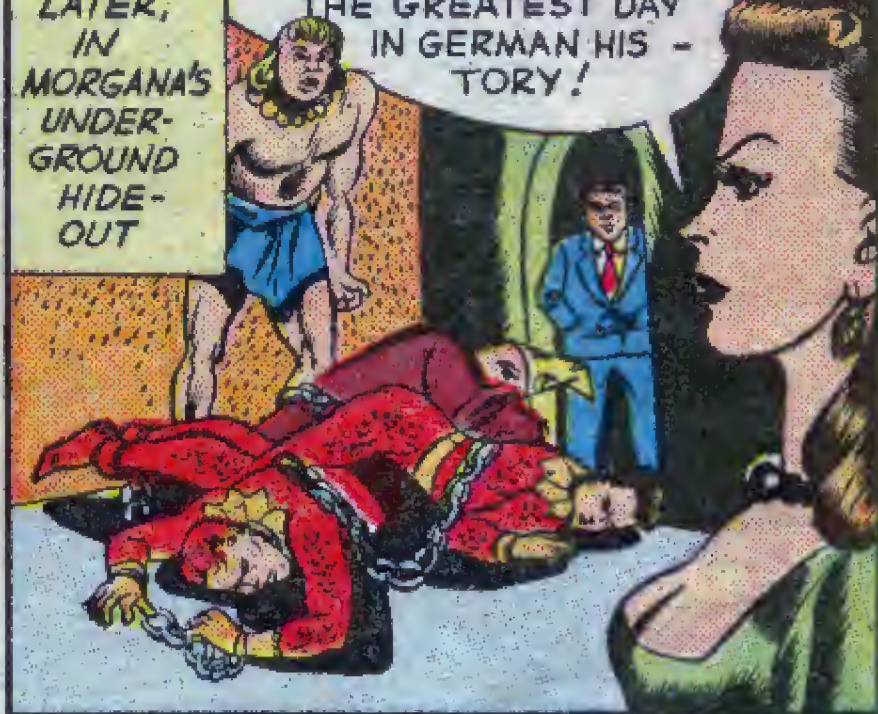
HIS STRENGTH SPENT, THE SWORD FALLS AN EASY VICTIM BEFORE THE COMBINED MIGHT OF THE HUN AND THE GOTH

EUREKA! THE SWORD IS OURS!



A SHORT WHILE LATER, IN MORGANA'S UNDERGROUND HIDE-OUT

WE SHALL DELIVER THEM TO THE FEUHRER ALIVE! THIS IS THE GREATEST DAY IN GERMAN HISTORY!



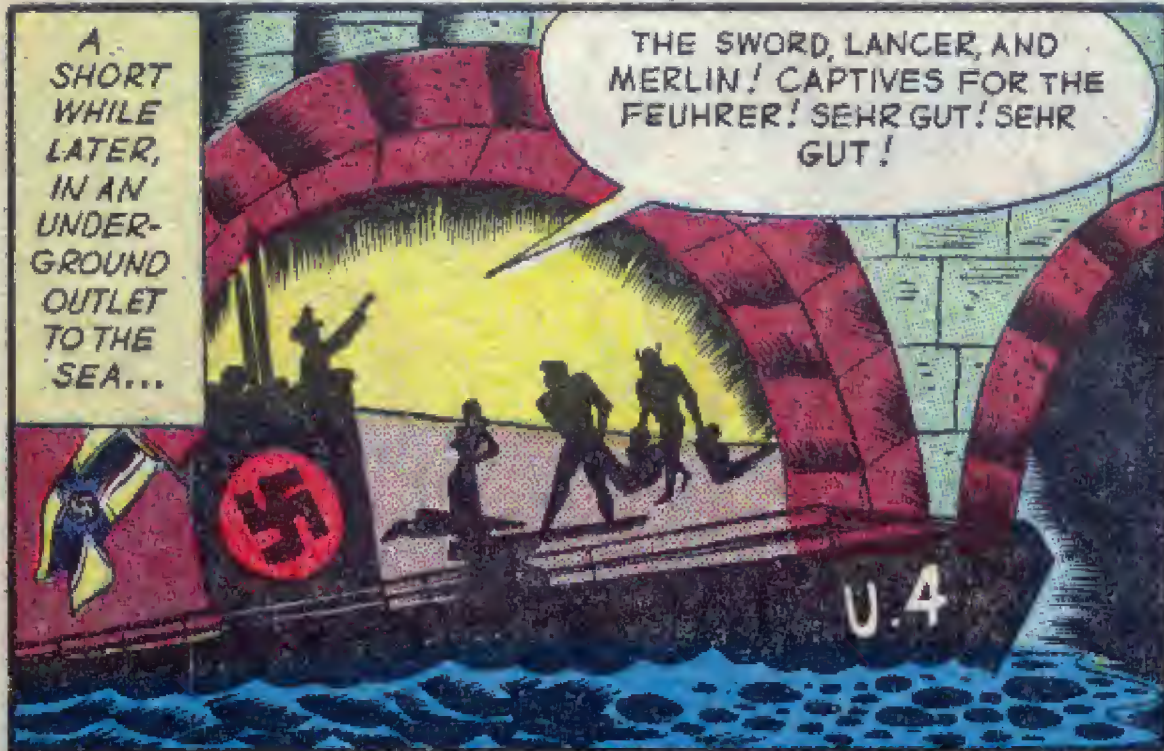
HERE IT IS--THE COMPLETE INFORMATION ON WHEN THE CONVOY WILL LEAVE THE HARBOR! THE EXACT ROUTE WILL FOLLOW!

I IMAGINE YOU WANT YOUR PAYOFF NOW!



THIS IS MY PAYOFF! THROW HIM INTO THE GUTTER!





A
SHORT
WHILE
LATER,
IN AN
UNDER-
GROUND
OUTLET
TO THE
SEA...

THE SWORD, LANCER, AND
MERLIN! CAPTIVES FOR THE
FEUHRER! SEHR GUT! SEHR
GUT!



WIRE ALL U-BOATS IN THE
AREA! RENDEZVOUS 22.6.319
ON MAP X-23-1A AT 0930
O'CLOCK!



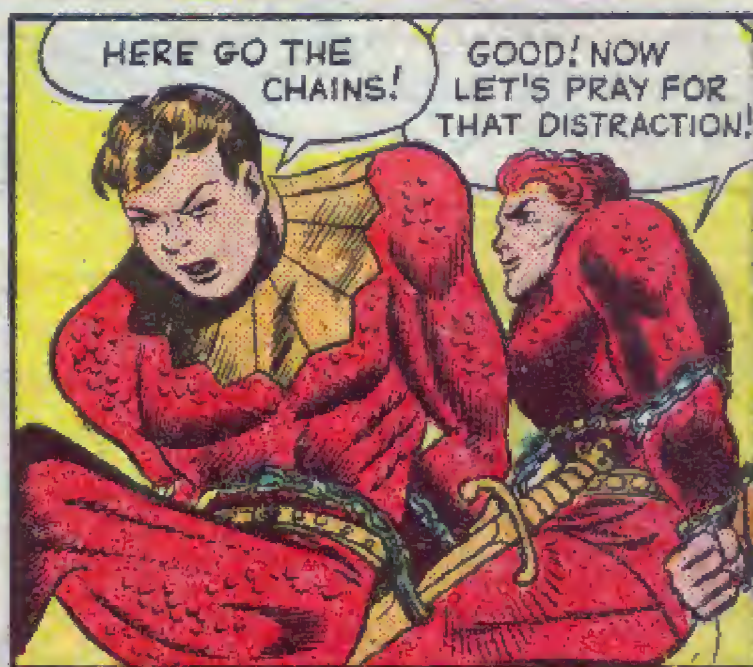
PRETTY PICKLE!
WHAT NOW?

THERE'S
A BIT OF EXCAL-
IBUR EXPOSED! RUB
YOUR CHAINS AGAINST
IT! IT WILL CUT RIGHT
THROUGH THEM!



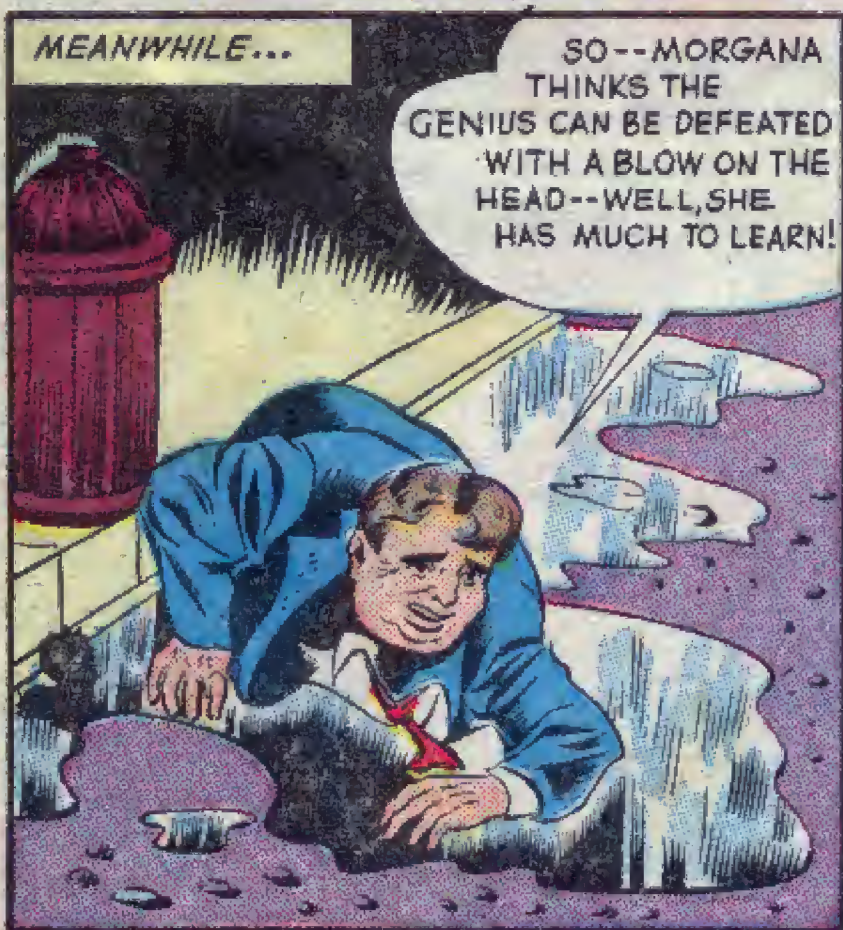
THEN FREE US,
AND WHEN THE
U-BOAT CREW IS
DISTRACTED WE'LL
PITCH IN!

OKAY--



HERE GO THE
CHAINS!

GOOD! NOW
LET'S PRAY FOR
THAT DISTRACTION!



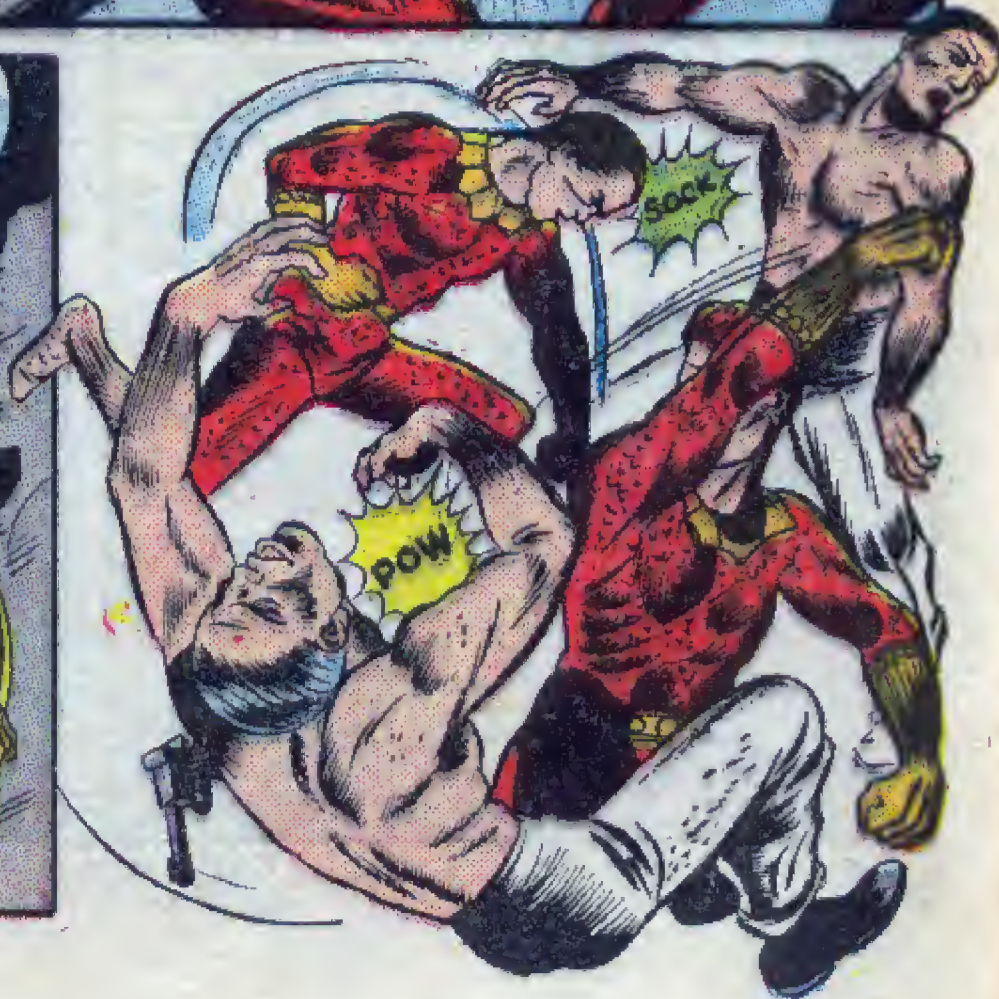
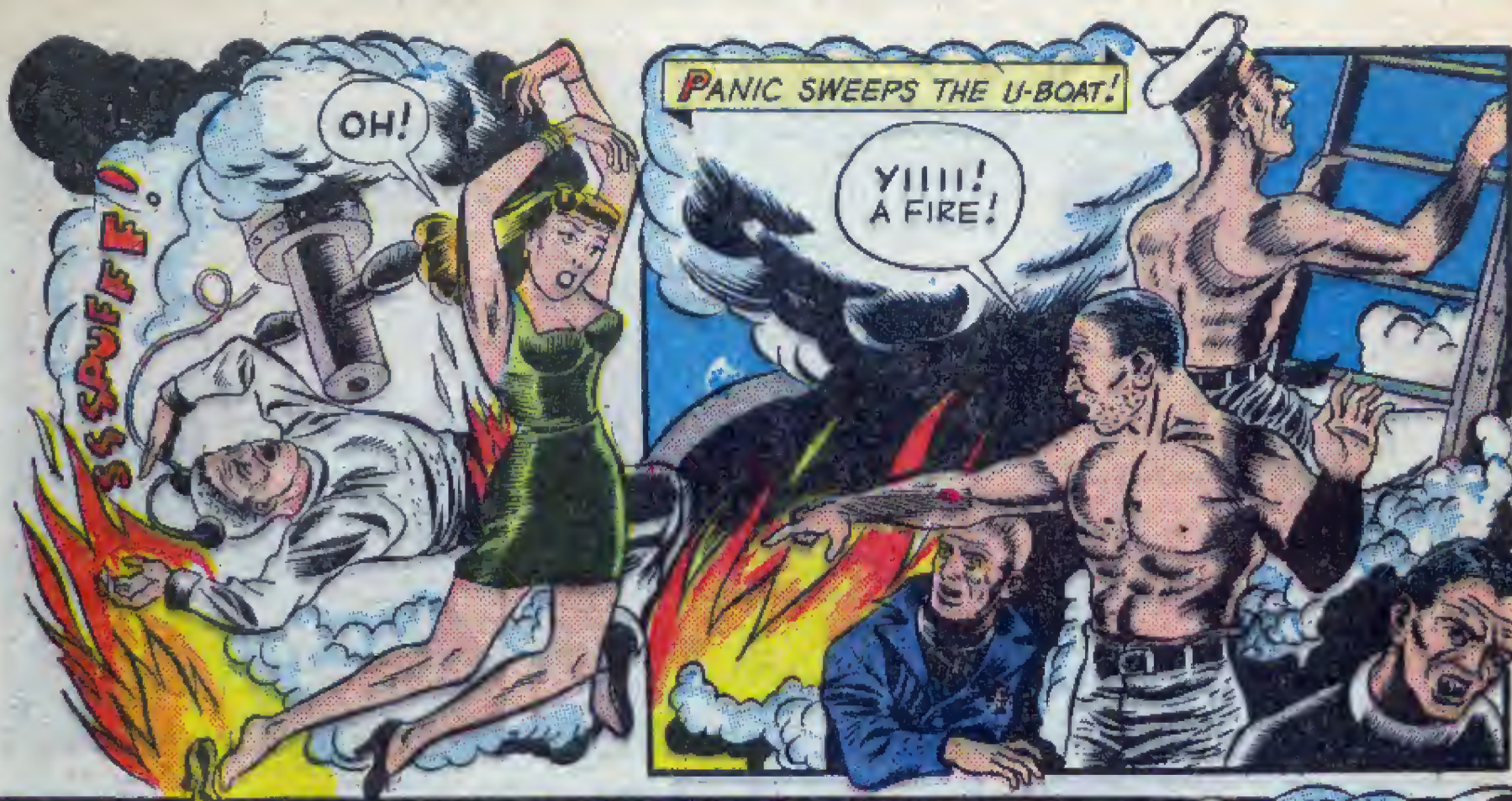
MEANWHILE...

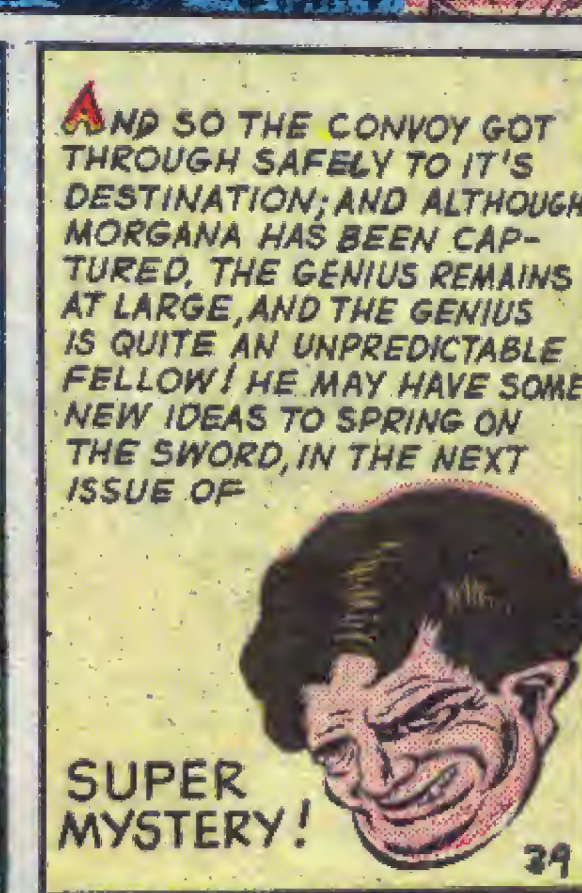
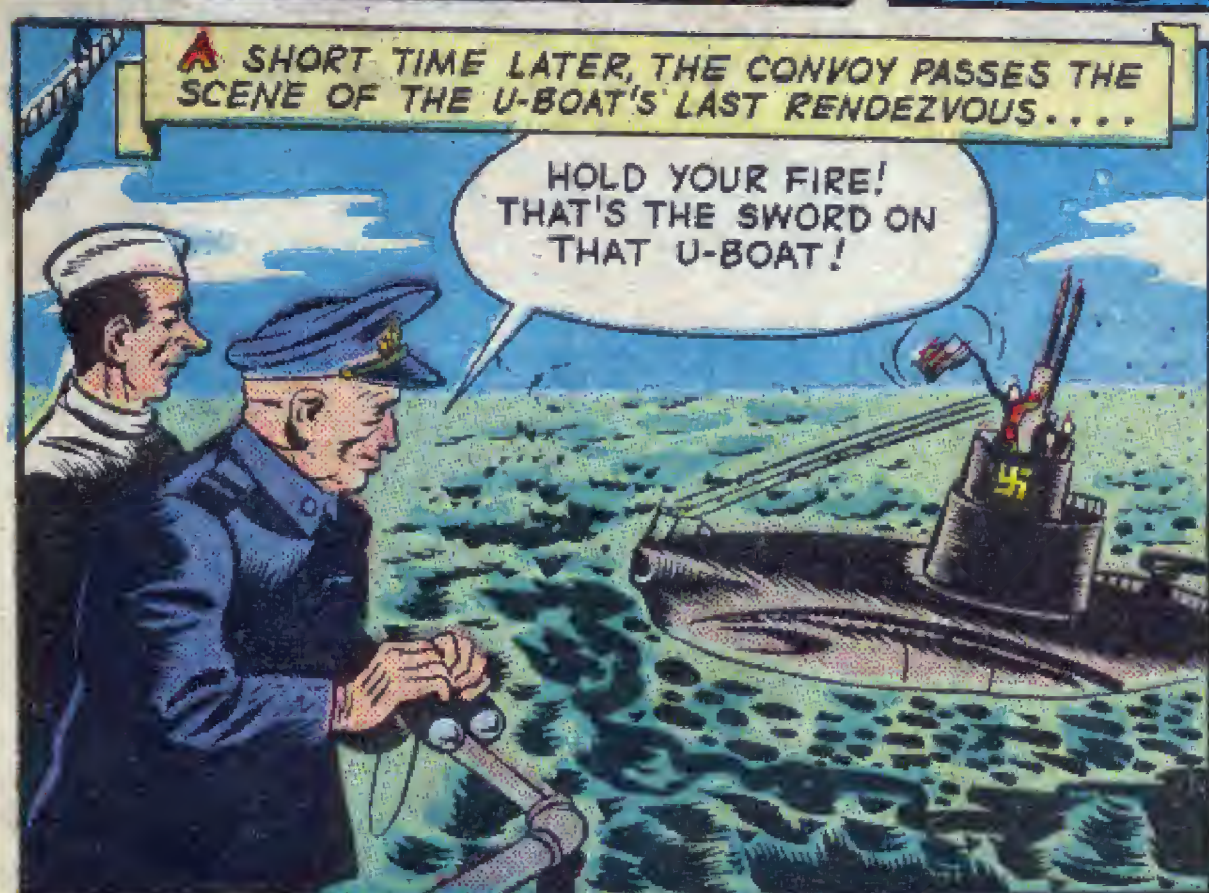
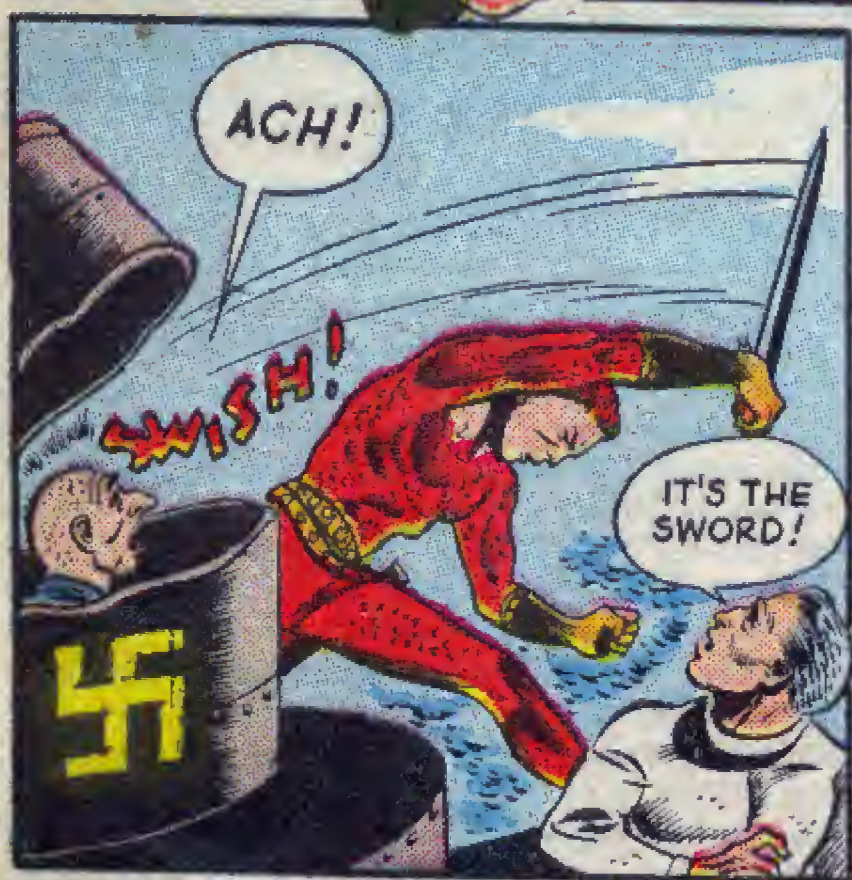
SO--MORGANA
THINKS THE
GENIUS CAN BE DEFEATED
WITH A BLOW ON THE
HEAD--WELL, SHE
HAS MUCH TO LEARN!



FOR INSTANCE, NO MATTER
HOW FAR SHE IS FROM ME,
SHE IS STILL WITHIN REACH
OF ELECTRICITY!

CLICK





Hell Riders of

By Cliff

IT WAS the bleak morning of December 7, 1888. The stage was set on the Brazos River at Graham, in Young County, Texas. But neither Sheriff Marion D. Wallace nor Tom Collier, his deputy, knew what bloody drama was quickening to a climax as they rode up to the home of the five Marlow brothers, armed with a capias for the arrest of Boone Marlow on the charge of murdering James Holdson.

Sheriff Wallace dismounted at the chimney end of the cabin where there were no windows or doors and tied his horse. Collier swung up alongside the building, and peered in at the window. The brothers sat at dinner.

Boone saw the deputy's eyes fall upon him, and his thin lips drew as tight as a taut lasso across his lean face. He tried hard not to show it, but he knew why the law was there.

He said huskily, "Fall down and rest yore pins, Tom. You boys eat yet?"

The deputy swung down. "But I reckon we won't eat," he replied as his tall frame filled the doorway.

By this time Sheriff Wallace had reached his back. Together they moved into the room.

Boone backed into one corner with his rifle, every muscle in his body dangerously quiet.

"We came to get you, Boone," said the sheriff calmly. "For murder!"

Boone's rifle cracked. The bullet gashed Tom Collier's temple and whipped up through the brim of his hat. A second slug caught Wallace just above the right hip and drilled through his body. He rocked backward through the door and collapsed on the porch. Startled, Collier sprang to shelter at the corner of the house.

Boone levered a third slug into his rifle barrel. "I'll get that son, too!" he snarled, and headed for the door. But his brothers seized him and wrenched the gun from his grip. They notified Collier to throw away his gun and come take care of Wallace.

Collier complied. He helped them carry the sheriff inside the house, then rode for a doctor. But before the doc arrived, Wallace was dead; Boone Marlow, heavily armed with rifle and revolvers, had slapped a saddle on his bronc and disappeared. One of the bloodiest little range feuds in Texas history was on.

As in many of the early wars this one also had its beginning with a dispute between the large and small cattle owners. The Marlows claimed to be small cattlemen. The other side called them outlaws and thieves. They had been frequently charged with rustling stock not only in Texas but in Colorado, and disposing of it in the Indian Territory, then a haven for criminals of the worst type. But convictions had been apparently impossible because of the lack of specific evidence in each case.

The big cattlemen swore that this was the reason rustlers were becoming stronger and bolder. Letting men like the Marlows operate at will was a plain invitation to others. In an attempt to make

an example of the brothers as a warning to the rest, James Holdson had been shot and killed.

The wanton slaying of Sheriff Wallace was the spark which touched off the pent-up indignation of all their enemies. Alf, George, Charley and Epp Marlow were arrested as accessories to the crime, and every nook and cranny in the country was scoured for Boone. A price of \$1700 was tacked on his head.

In adjoining Jack County, Sheriff Moore and Constable Eugene Logan picked up Boone's exhausted mount, but the killer had made good his escape.

FAILURE to capture him placed his brothers in no uncertain plight. Locked up in the steel cage of the Young County jail, helpless to escape, they soon realized that their rancher enemies did not intend to see them go out free men again. Collier, now acting sheriff, ordered a heavy guard kept.

In the black hour before daybreak, the morning of January 17, 1889, the attack on the jail broke. Constable Logan and Dick Cook, John Leavels, the jailer, and Deputy Sam Waggoner were taken prisoners; Leavels was forced to open the jail.

In the meantime Epp Marlow tore loose a water pipe and handed it to Alf, biggest and toughest of the quartet. When the masked mob jammed the door to the short narrow passageway, they found the brothers patiently waiting.

Alf braced his big feet wide apart, caressing the heavy pipe in his hand with almost tender care. His brothers crowded up on either side, their fists balled in hard knots.

During all these minutes no one in either group said anything. Apparently none wanted to. Then Charley Marlow spoke:

"The whole lot of you can't come in at once, and a few of you will never take us alive," he said grimly. "You might shoot us, but that would arouse the whole town. It's my hunch you don't want them to know about this."

With an angry curse one of the leaders plunged forward. But Charley connected a left solidly to his button. The man's head flopped back against the stone wall. Bleeding profusely, he slumped on the floor and lay there groaning until another member of the crowd ventured forward and carried him out.

The men in the mob were as tough as the Marlows. They were ten to one, and the Marlows were unarmed. But they heeded the truth in Charley Marlow's words. They took stock of the grim sample of what he meant. They blustered and argued for several minutes. When at last they departed, it was with a sudden loss of appetite.

But they were not through, and the brothers knew it. A wire was sent to United States Marshal Cabell at Dallas, informing him of the attempted lynching. Cabell immediately ordered his deputy.

the Brazos

Howe

Ed Johnson, to remove the prisoners to Weatherford for safe keeping.

Johnson was a large, raw-boned individual with square jaws and hard eyes. A year before he had lost one hand in a shooting scrape. It had been rumored that he had been paid to protect the interests of the big cattlemen in running down the alleged thievery in this section. The Marlows believed this rumor had been circulated by his enemies until they saw the men he selected to assist him on the journey. Some of them had been among the mob that had attempted to lynch them less than two nights before!

The Marlows protested. They were taken to a blacksmith shop and shackled two together. George and Epp made one couple, Charley and Alf the other.

The prisoners were put in a hack. A man named George Martin was the driver. Johnson and the guards brought up the rear in another hack and a buggy. In the night, the cavalcade moved silently out of Graham. But there was one man who lurked in the darkness and saw. When they had gone, he mounted his horse and spurred away into the shadows, riding fast.

The procession gradually crawled toward Dry Creek. Beyond, the road cut through a heavy stretch of mesquite. The teams and rigs splashed and rattled through the shallow stream, and the tenseness of the prisoners grew. As they started up the opposite bank, someone in the buggy called loudly up to them, "Any you boys want a drink?"

Simultaneously George Martin slid out of the driver's seat. Then he broke and ran. Dark shadows rose from the brush to the right of the trail, and a dozen guns turned the darkness into a red hell.

Charley and Alf toppled over the side of the hack. They hit the road together, sprinting straight toward the buggy load of guards. Alf snapped a rifle from one of the men before he could unlimber it. Charley jerked away Johnson's revolver just as the six cleared leather.

At the same time George and Epp rushed the men in the third rig. George gripped a leg and twisted one guard out on the ground. Epp clubbed him with a heavy fist and snatched his guns.

All of them armed now, the brothers opened up and fired. Drilled through his one good hand, Johnson was out of the fight as it started. Someone blasted quick shots from the mesquite. Alf dropped with a bullet through his brain. Epp died, riddled with rifle lead.

Leveled across the rough boards of the hack, the guns of Charley and George Marlow took their toll. Bruce Wheeler was the first bushwhacker killed. Constable Logan slithered away into the brush with a slug through his leg. Sam Creswell died with his face rooting in the dust.

Then a load of buckshot struck Charley in the breast. George Marlow's gun hammered out another chunk of lead, and Frank Harmison, a member of the mob that night at the jail, went down with a bullet between his eyes. The surviving bushwhackers and guards fled for their lives.

CHARLEY MARLOW'S wound was serious. George was bleeding badly. Both were chained to their dead brothers, unable to escape with such bulks hanging to their feet. What they had to do was gruesome. With pocket knives they disjointed the dead men's ankles and freed themselves.

George scooped up all the arms and ammunition he could find while Charley dragged himself into one of the abandoned rigs. They drove to Finis, had a blacksmith cut the chains from their legs, then drove to their cabin and sent for a doctor.

Dr. Price hurried out. With him rode Sheriff Tom Collier and a huge posse. But the intrepid brothers had barricaded the house for battle. They allowed Dr. Price to enter. When he had attended their wounds, they sent him to inform Collier that they would surrender only to Marshal Cabell; that they had plenty of arms and ammunition, and did not intend to be taken alive.

Collier barked swift orders to attack. But the posse fell back. It was the opinion of the majority that enough blood had been shed by both sides of the feud-crazed factions. After considerable bickering among themselves, Collier agreed to the brothers' proposal. Two days later Cabell's deputy arrived. The two were removed to Dallas, placed under guard, and recovered slowly from their wounds.

A week afterwards three men drove up to the sheriff's office in a wagon and called Tom Collier outside. In the back of the rig they carried the body of Boone Marlow. He had been shot to death on Hell Creek, up in the Comanche Nation, while resisting arrest.

Although Boone had justly paid for the murder of Sheriff Wallace, the West's code of fair play as to his brothers had been outraged. Public opinion turned at last against the ruthless tactics of the cattle combine. Law-abiding citizens came out openly and demanded that these law breakers also be brought to reckoning.

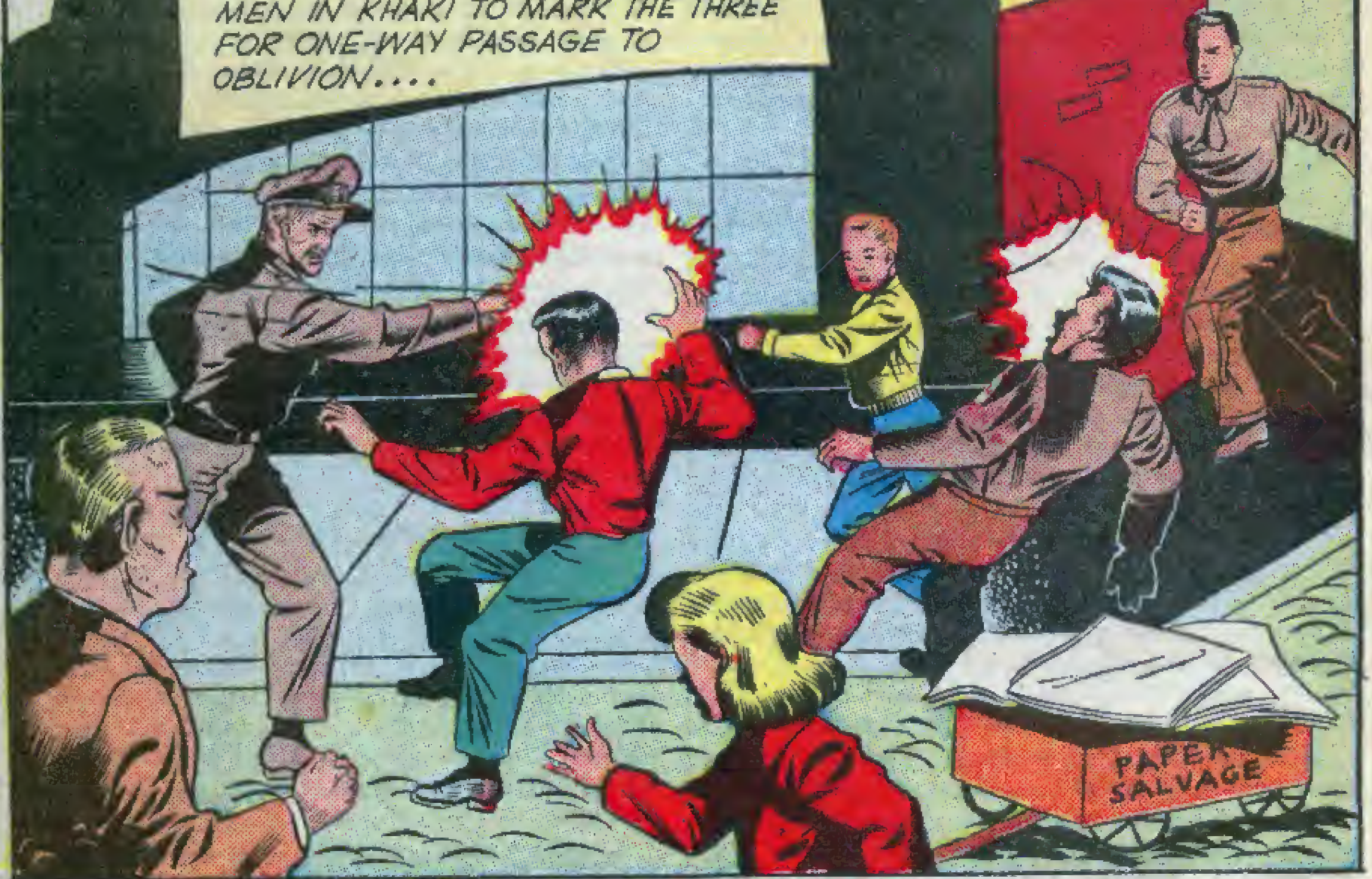
Straightway the Federal government delved into the details of the attack at Dry Creek. Most of the survivors were indicted by a grand jury at Dallas. Some were charged with obstructing a deputy United States marshal. Others with murder and conspiracy.

Years dragged by. So did the cases against those indicted. Three were finally convicted, but none ever served any time. George and Charley Marlow were once again tried for rustling, but finally the charges were dismissed.

PAUL REVERE JR.

IT WAS A PATRIOTIC DUTY PAUL REVERE JR. AND HIS FRIENDS... PAT HENRY AND BETSY ROSS... SET OUT TO FULFILL FOR THE U.S.O. AND UNCLE SAM'S SOLDIERS...

BUT IT WAS DECIDEDLY NOT PATRIOTISM THAT CAUSED SOME FALSE MEN IN KHAKI TO MARK THE THREE FOR ONE-WAY PASSAGE TO OBLIVION....



LET'S MAKE ONE MORE STOP AT THIS HOUSE, FELLOWS! THAT SHOULD FILL THE WAGON!

HOW MANY LOADS OF WASTE PAPER DOES THAT MAKE SO FAR?

GOSH! MUST BE ABOUT TWENTY, I GUESS!

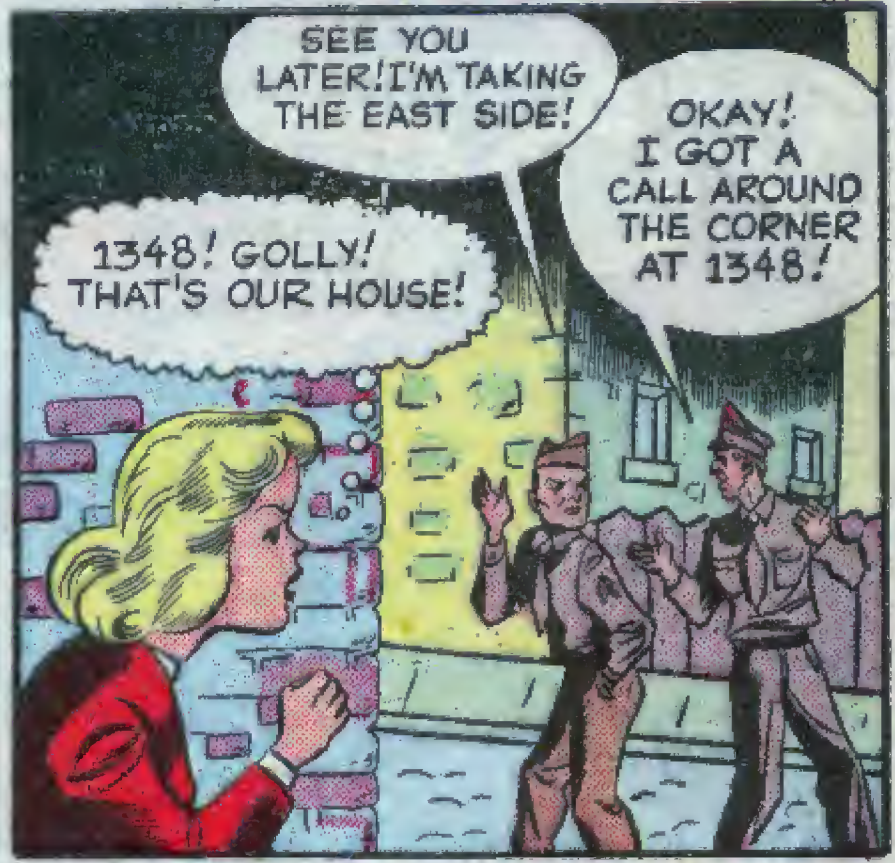
AT LEAST SOME ONE IS AT HOME HERE! I CAN HEAR VOICES INSIDE!

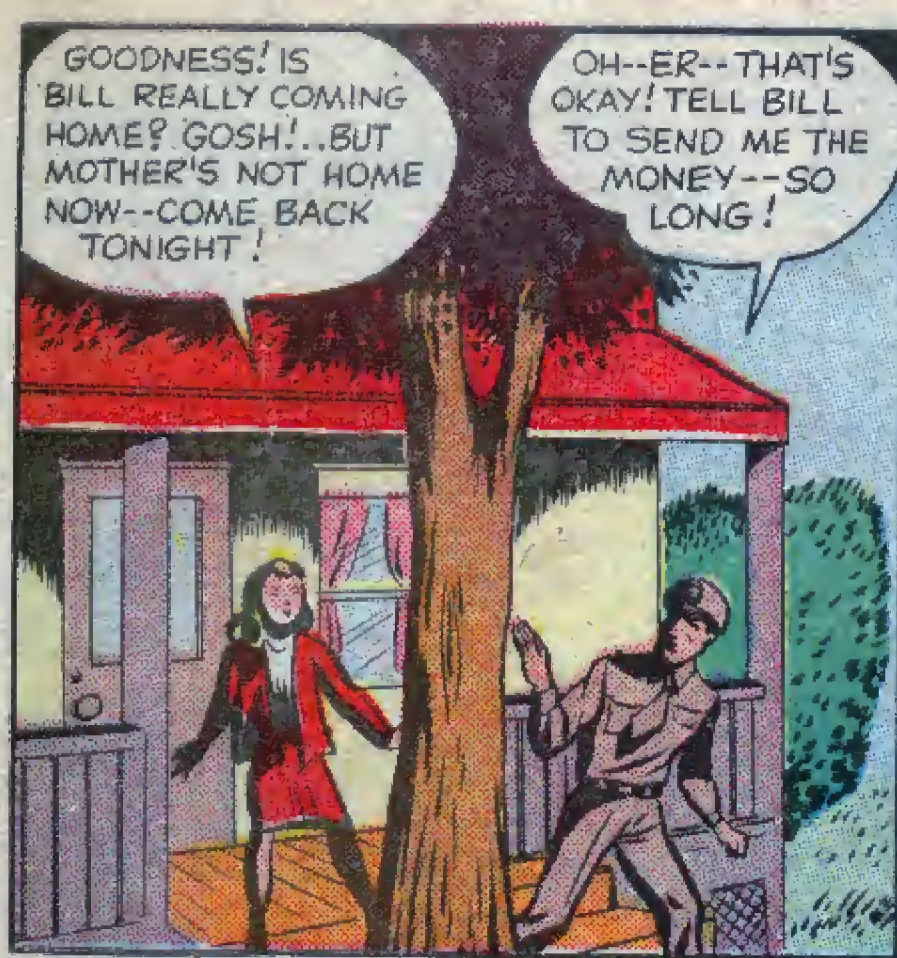
KNOCK!
KNOCK!

I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR! WE'RE COLLECTING WASTE PAPER FOR--

OH, YEAH! WELL, G'WAN AWAY, KID! AND STAY AWAY!







GOODNESS! IS BILL REALLY COMING HOME? GOSH!...BUT MOTHER'S NOT HOME NOW--COME BACK TONIGHT!

OH--ER--THAT'S OKAY! TELL BILL TO SEND ME THE MONEY--SO LONG!



I THINK THAT SOLDIER'S A PHONEY! BILL'S BEEN OVERSEAS FOR SOME TIME! I'D BETTER TELL PAUL AND PAT RIGHT AWAY!



LATER

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT?

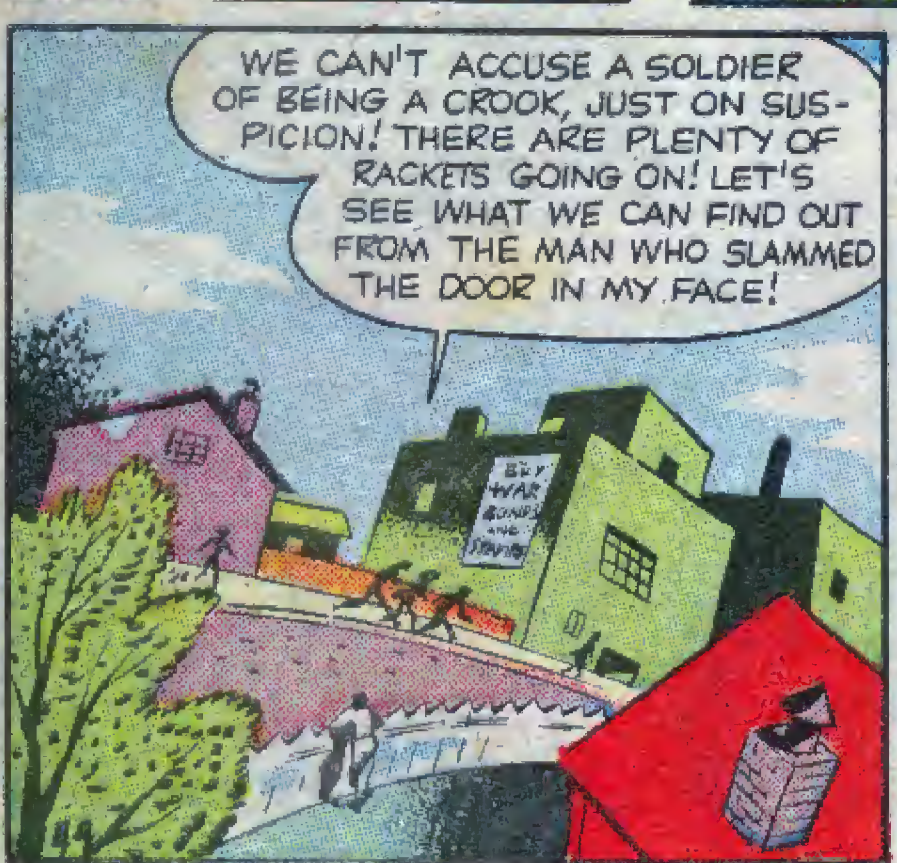
SHH...PAT--WHAT, BETSY? HE WANTED MONEY? SOUNDS FISHY TO ME!

MEET US ON THE CORNER!



HI, BETSY!

WE'VE GOT AN IDEA, BETSY! SEE IF YOU LIKE IT!



WE CAN'T ACCUSE A SOLDIER OF BEING A CROOK, JUST ON SUSPICION! THERE ARE PLENTY OF RACKETS GOING ON! LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND OUT FROM THE MAN WHO SLAMMED THE DOOR IN MY FACE!



THERE'S ONE OF THE SOLDIERS GOING IN!

LET'S GO OVER THERE --MAYBE WE CAN HEAR SOMETHING!

OKAY! LET'S GO!



QUIET
NOW! THEY'RE
TALKING!



WE WERE RIGHT!
LISTEN TO WHAT
THEY'RE SAYING!



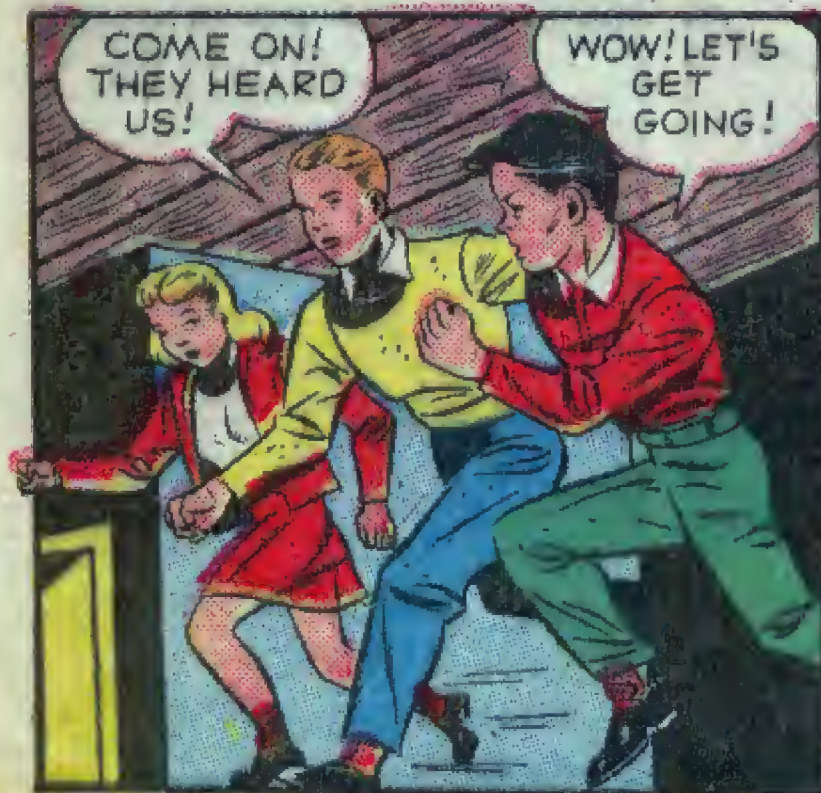
THIS BURG IS A
PUSHOVER, MARTY!
I PULLED THE SAME
GAG ABOUT BEIN' A
BUDDY OF THEIR SONS
AT CAMP, AND IT
WORKED EVERY
TIME!

SURE! IT'S
EASY TO GET
THE NAMES OFF
THE TOWN HONOR
ROLL, AND LOOK
UP THEIR PARENTS!
I TELL YOU, THIS
RACKET IS FOOL-
PROOF!



HOW MUCH WE
GOT THERE, MARTY?
OVER TWO HUN-
DRED BUCKS,
AIN'T IT?

SH! WAIT
A MINUTE! I
THINK I HEARD
SOMETHIN'
OUT THERE!



COME ON!
THEY HEARD
US!

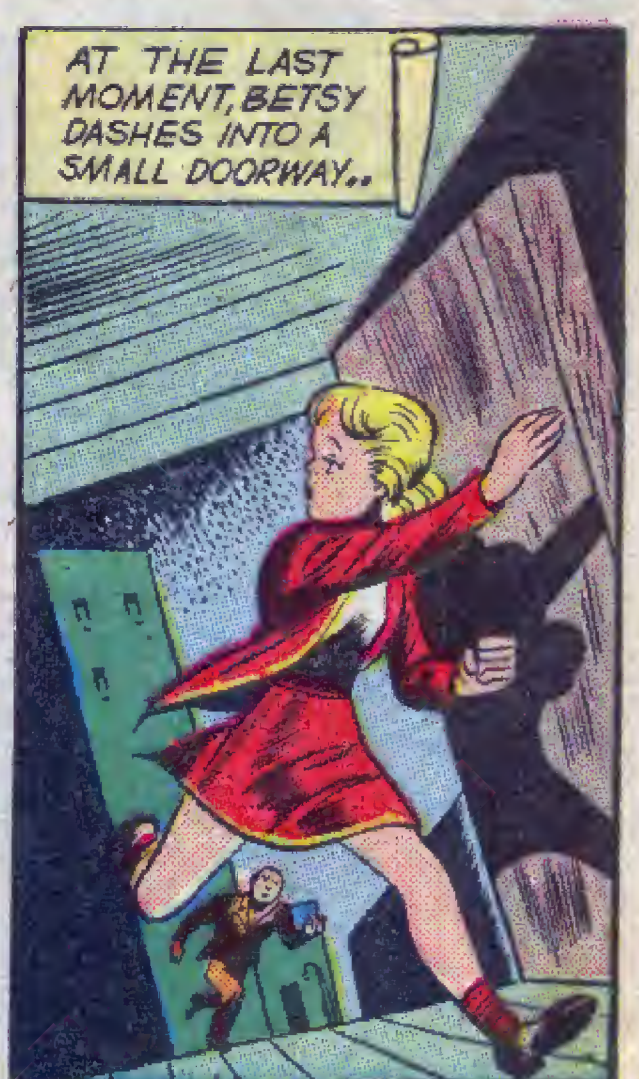
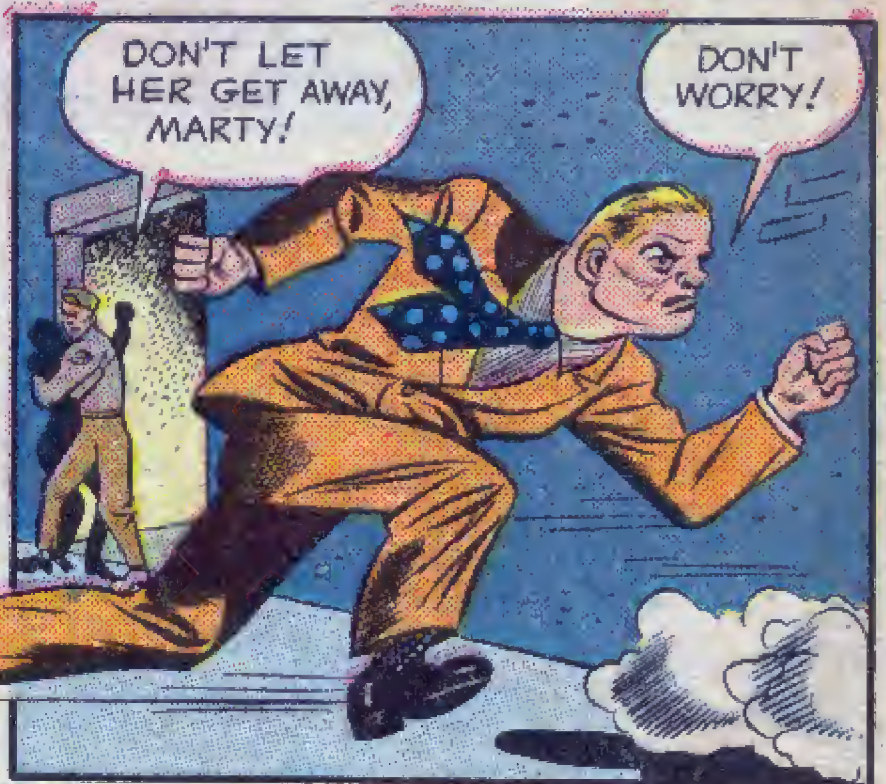
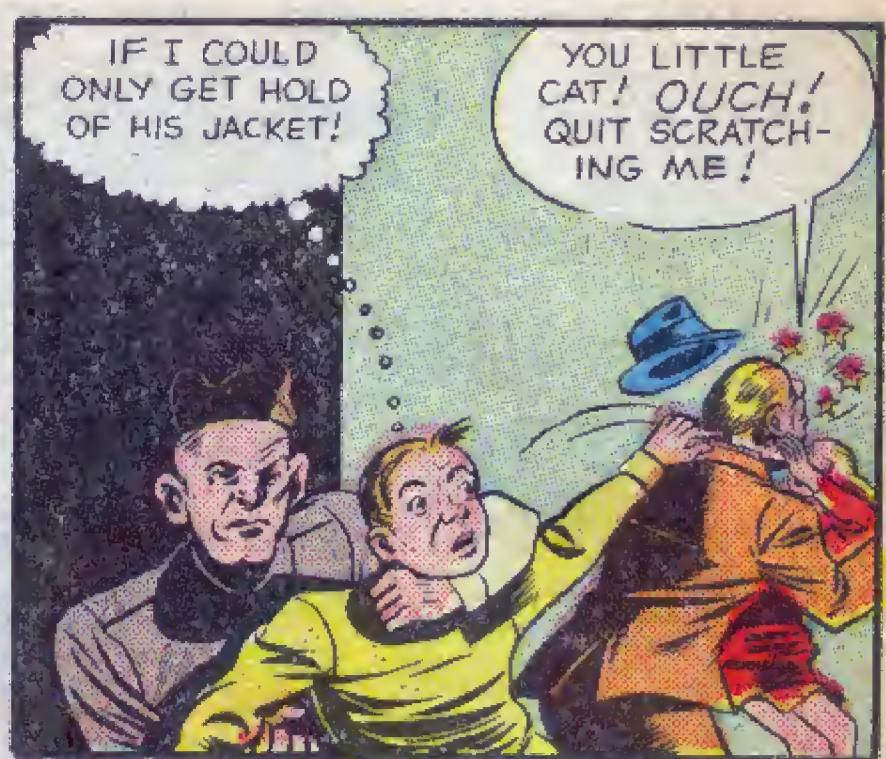
WOW! LET'S
GET
GOING!

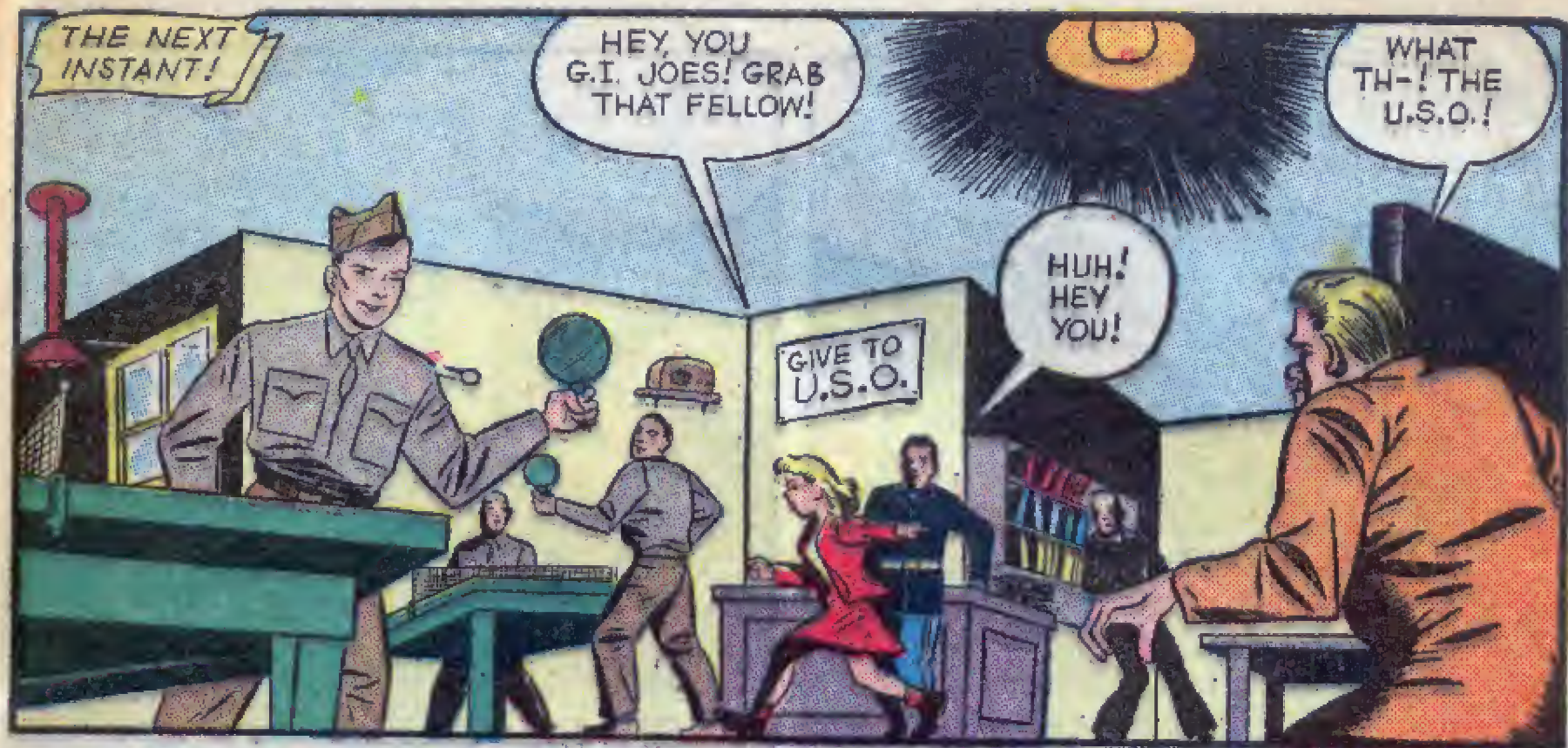


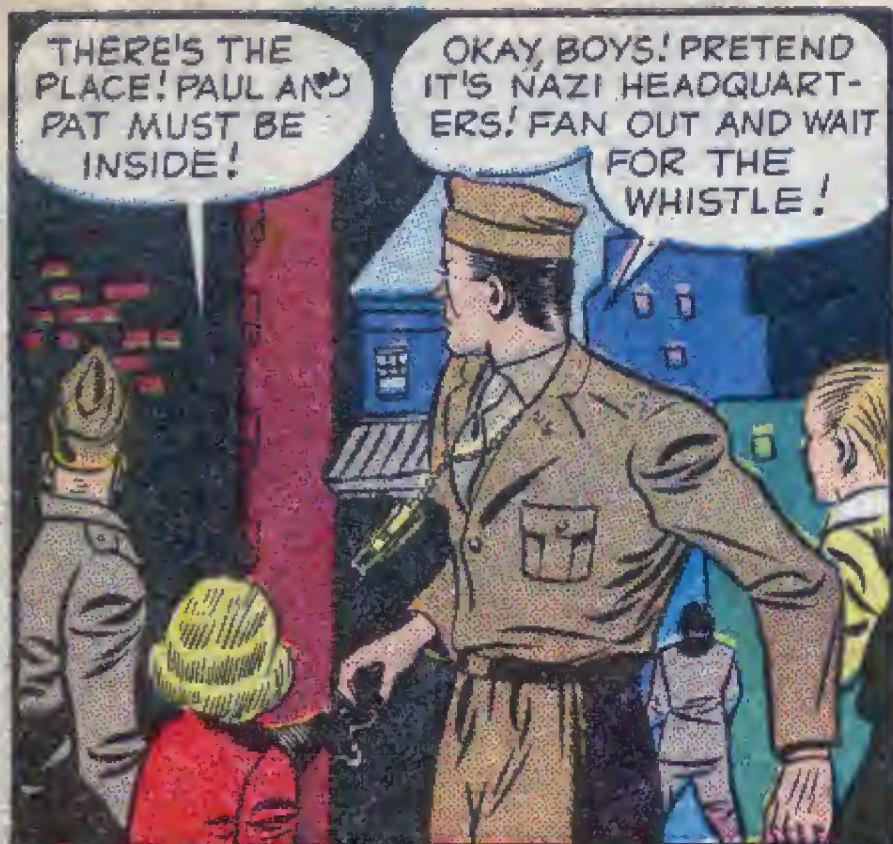
HEY!
WHAT'RE
YOU KIDS--

OH,
G-GOLLY!

STOP
THESE KIDS,
CLAMMY!





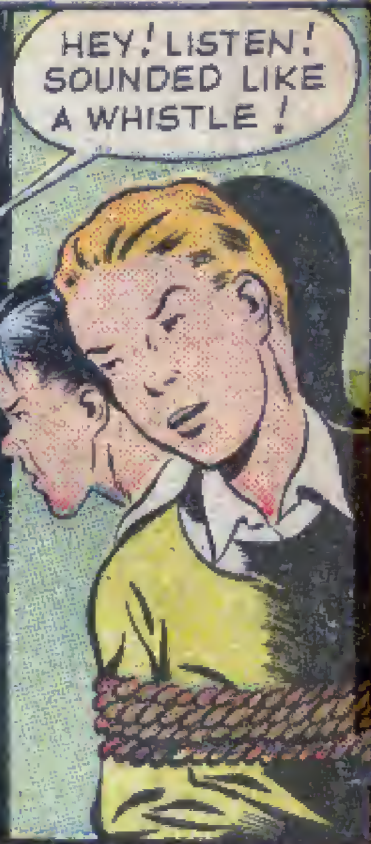


THERE'S THE PLACE! PAUL AND PAT MUST BE INSIDE!

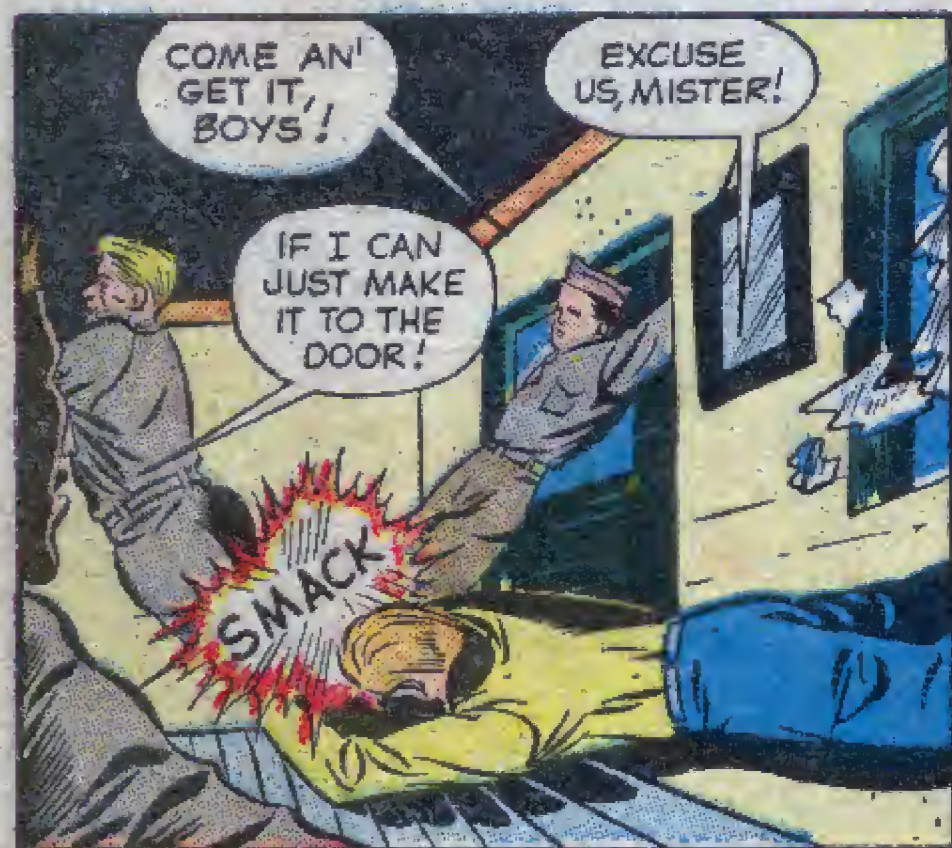
OKAY, BOYS! PRETEND IT'S NAZI HEADQUARTERS! FAN OUT AND WAIT FOR THE WHISTLE!



WELL, WE GOT THESE BABIES UNDER CONTROL! WONDER WHAT'S KEEPIN' MARTY?



HEY! LISTEN! SOUNDED LIKE A WHISTLE!



COME AN' GET IT, BOYS!

EXCUSE US, MISTER!

IF I CAN JUST MAKE IT TO THE DOOR!

SMACK



AN EXCELLENT UPPERCUT, MONTMORENCY!

IT WAS NOTHING AT ALL, REALLY!

CRACK



I NEVER SAW IT FAIL! A COUPLE OF LITTER CASES AND NO MEDICAL CORPS..TSK!TSK!

ARE YOU FELLOWS OKAY?

I HOPE TO TELL YOU!



LATER, AT THE U.S.O. --

GOSH, FELLOWS, WE SHOULD BE TREATING YOU!

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, KIDS! WHEN WE'RE IN NEED THERE ARE SWELL PLACES LIKE THE RED CROSS AND THE U.S.O. WHO'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF US!

KIDS! -- DO YOUR SHARE! -- COLLECT WASTE PAPER AND BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

NOW!

DANGER LAUGHS
AT MR. RISK!
SEE PAGE 14

SUPER-MYSTERY COMICS

10¢



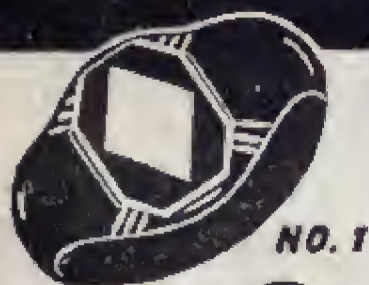
CHUCK FULL OF ACTION AND EXCITEMENT

be the first in your town

to wear this sensational

COROZO NUT RING

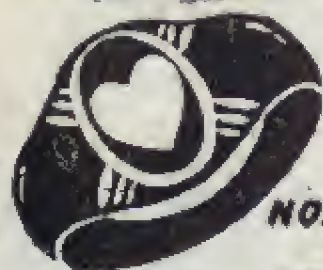
said to bring GOOD LUCK to the wearer



NO. 1



NO. 2



NO. 3



NO. 4



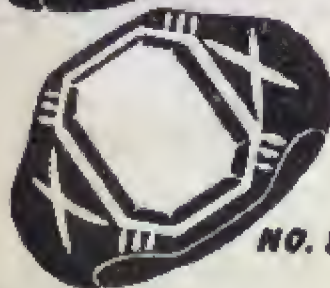
NO. 5



NO. 6



NO. 7



NO. 8



NO. 9



NO. 10

SEND ONE TO YOUR
FRIEND IN THE SERVICE.
WEAR ONE YOURSELF
CHOICE OF **\$1.74**
ANY TWO
LADIES AND GENTS' STYLE

Here is the latest craze in "good luck" jewelry—the Corozo Nut Ring—hand carved from the nut of the Corozo Palm. These rings are highly prized by the natives of Puerto Rico because of the legend that **GOOD LUCK ALWAYS FOLLOWS THE WEARER.**

Give one to your friend in the service — wear one yourself. The rings are hand carved and hand polished to a beautiful ebony black, then set with simulated pearl. Order a pair of these fascinating rings today. Your choice of any two only \$1.74. (Order by Number.)

SEND NO MONEY. Just your name, address and ring size. When postman delivers package containing two rings, pay him \$1.74 plus 26c postage and C.O.D. charges (\$2 total). If you send \$1.75 with order, we pay all postage charges. You save 25c.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES

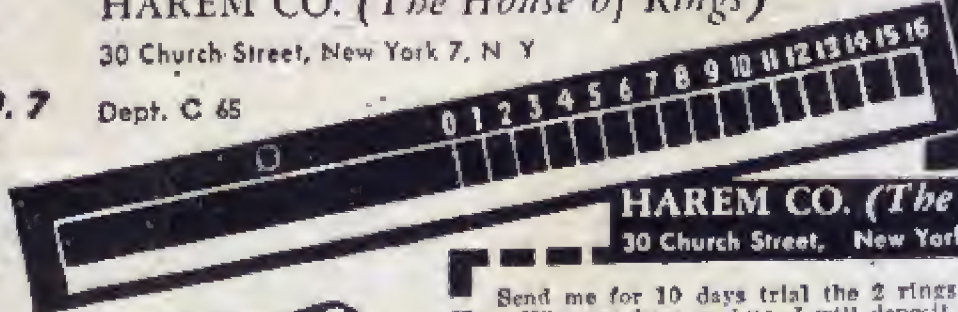
Our rings are guaranteed to be the genuine Corozo Nut Rings

HAREM CO. (The House of Rings)

30 Church Street, New York 7, N. Y.

Dept. C 65

Fill in coupon, clip and mail now! For Ring Size . . . Cut out the strip above, wrap tightly around middle joint of ring finger. Number that meets end of chart strip is your ring size.



HAREM CO. (The House of Rings)

30 Church Street, New York 7, N. Y. Dept. C 65

Send me for 10 days trial the 2 rings I have checked below. When package arrives, I will deposit \$1.74 plus 26c (postage and C.O.D. charges). Total \$2.00. If at the end of 10 days I wish to return the rings, you are to refund my money at once.

STYLE NO. ☐ 1 ☐ 2 ☐ 3 ☐ 4 ☐ 5 ☐ 6 ☐ 7 ☐ 8 ☐ 9 ☐ 10

(PLEASE PRINT) (Select any two rings you like)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

NOTE: If you enclose \$1.75 with your order we will pay postage. **YOU SAVE 25c.** Of course, you still have the privilege of our 10 day trial or money back guarantee. If apt to be out when postman calls, send cash or money order, for \$1.75 and save C.O.D. charges. Canadian and Foreign orders must send \$2.00 with order.

Guaranteed wearing 10 days, if not pleased return and get your money back.

Publication: Super-Mystery Comics vol.4 no.4

Date: October, 1944

Publisher: Ace Periodicals Inc.

Notes: No back cover.

Scanner: "Steve Rogers" <goldenyearspub@gmail.com>

Scanning Date: February 1, 2002/December 2, 2002

Credits:

Cover: A: Lou Ferstadt

Magno and Davey: W: (?); A: George Gregg (and Lou Ferstadt (?))

Mr Risk: W: (?); A: Ferstadt studio (?)

Chuck: W: (?); A: Ferstadt Studio (?)

The Sword: W: (?); A: Lou Ferstadt and L. B. Cole

Text: W: Cliff Howe

Paul Revere Jr.: W: (?); A: Lou Ferstadt